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JULY, 1909
VOL. X. NO. 101

# THE THEATRE

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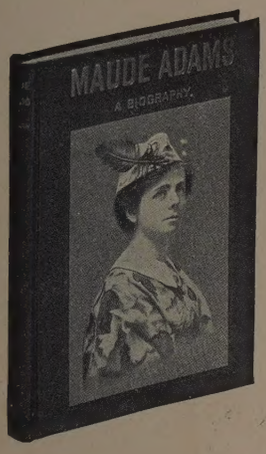


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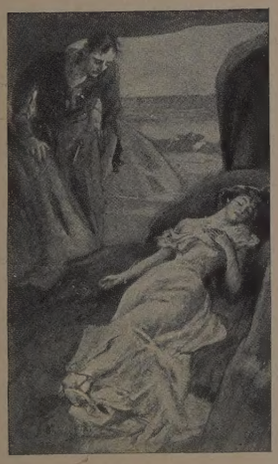

covetous lustful eyes on his involuntary companion. He insists on ties the very suggestion of which overwhelm her with horror. Will he drag this delicate, highly nurtured girl down to his own animal level, or will she by sheer force of character, by her fine mentality, and spiritual power be able to tame the beast and lift the sailor up to her own level?"

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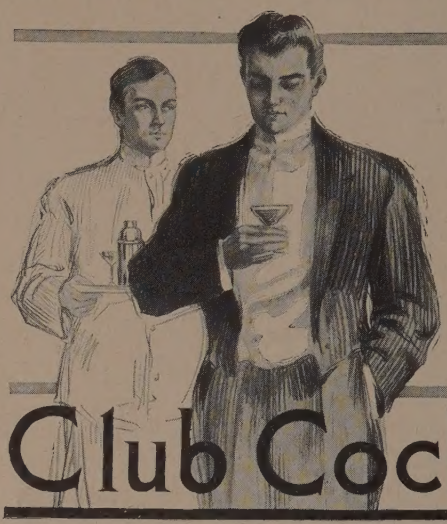

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Edited by ARTHUR HORNBLOW


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# THE THEATRE

VOL. X JULY, 1909 No. 101

*Published by The Theatre Magazine Co., Henry Stern, Pres.; Louis Meyer, Treas.; Paul Meyer. Sec'y.; 26 West 33d Street, New York City*

Hall

Ophelia (Julia Marlowe) Hamlet (E. H. Sothern)
Act III. Hamlet lies down at Ophelia's feet to watch the players

E. H. SOTHERN AND JULIA MARLOWE IN THEIR REVIVAL OF "HAMLET" AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC

# Some Old and New Plays

EMPIRE. "THE MOLLUSC." Comedy in three acts by Hubert Henry Davies. Produced June 7 with this cast:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Tom Kemp | Charles Wyndham | Miss Roberts | Beatrice Waldegrave |
| Mr. Baxter | Sam Sothern | Mrs. Baxter | Mary Moore |

The merits of Henry Hubert Davies' diaphanous but extremely witty, clever and entertaining comedy, "The Mollusc," need not be seriously entered into now even though attention be called to it by its novel revival at the Empire with an entirely new company headed by Charles Wyndham, Bart. It is a delightful study of woman's sophistry and selfishness, and Sir Charles and his London associates give it a pleasing rendering. The wealth of encomium, however, which the local press has dealt out to its interpreters seems a trifle forced, and the conclusion advanced that it was slaughtered on its original production at the Garrick early in the season is far from true. Sir Charles, considering his age, has a wonderful, sprightly touch, and with his splendid resources as a light comedian enacts Tom Kemp with authority and effect. But his work is only what might be expected of a player of his experience. It is not epoch making, and it is rank injustice to declare that it completely eclipses Joseph Coyne's interpretation of the same rôle. Mr. Coyne, to express perplexity, did not scratch his head for an entire act. Nor in charm, variety or deftness of execution did Mary Moore exceed Alexandra Carlisle's rendering of Mrs. Baxter. In fact, if the truth be told, there were several scenes which "dropped" as acted by the new players; but Sam Sothern was a welcome addition as the imposed upon Mr. Baxter, and Beatrice Waldegrave, a talented young actress, was gracefully natural and real as the governess, Miss Roberts.

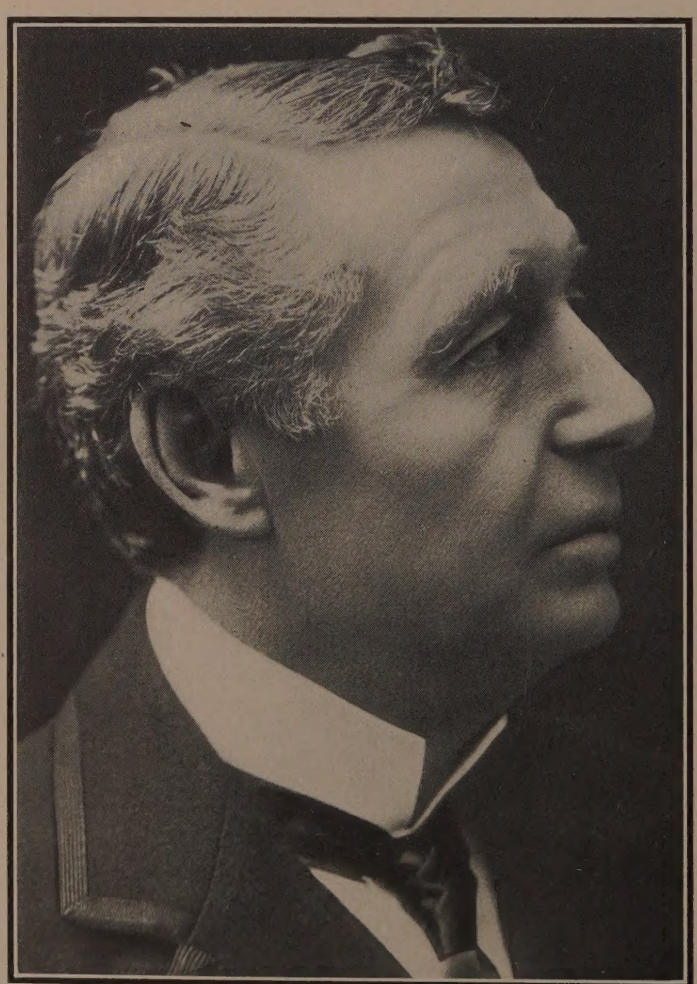
ACADEMY OF MUSIC. "THE MARBLE HEART." Play in five acts by Charles Selby. Produced May 17 with this cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| Phidias | Mr. Mantell |
| Diogenes | Fritz Leiber |
| Gorgias | George Stilwell |
| Alcibiades | Guy Lindsley |
| Strabon | Oscar Pfefferle |
| Thea | Lorraine Frost |
| Aspasia | Marie Booth Russell |
| Lias | Lillian Kingsbury |
| Phryne | Edith Campbell |
| Raphel Duchatlet | Mr. Mantell |
| Ferdinand Volabe | Fritz Leiber |
| Mons. Veaudore | George Stilwell |
| Vis. Chateaumargaux | Guy Lindsley |
| Lord Merton | William J. Bowen |
| Fred De Courcy | L. Rogers Lytton |
| John | Frederick Baldwin |
| Baptiste | Edward Lewers |
| Mademoiselle Marco | Marie B. Russell |
| Clementine | Lillian Kingsbury |
| Mariette | Edith Campbell |
| Fedora | Josephine McCallum |
| Marie | Lorraine Frost |
| M. Duchatlet | Janette Barrington |

"The Marble Heart," put on in the vast cavernous reaches of the Academy of Music, and performed execrably by a miscast company, naturally failed, and gave to the young and callow the opportunity for derisive criticism. What a superior race we are of the twentieth century! Because we have invented the flying machine all dramas of the past are out of date. Because we have the wireless, taste has changed. Because we have the means at our elbow on our desks of communicating verbally with others at a distance, Shakespeare will be quietly deposited in the dramatic waste basket in the next generation.

The technique of "The Marble Heart" is old-fashioned in certain particulars, but that does not concern the heart of the matter. Occasionally—not always—its language is inflated, but that is a defect that any careful modern producer could, and should, remedy. "The Lady of Lyons" is often fustian in its lines, but it is possible that there is not a dramatist living in America to-day who could have written it, with its sincerity and effective verities of love. It has been worn to a frazzle for this generation—that is all.

The play so lamely produced by Mr. Mantell, his performance alone having some vitality, is an adaptation from the French by Charles Selby, who flourished in the palmy days of English dramatic piracy. His race is not entirely dead yet, but it has more skill, particularly in the way of piecing together fragments of forgotten plays of a period when, according to the assumption of some people reeking with the vanity of assumed superiority, nobody could write a play comparable to any play produced last week or the month before. The central idea of the play in question is that a woman can make a plaything of a man's heart, and wreck his life. Perhaps the world was more sentimental when this play was in vogue than now, but the same central idea is used in "A Fool There Was." Perhaps at no time in the history of the world has any man been anything else but a fool if he loved a woman who did not love him. But it is a way the sons of Adam have. Undoubtedly Raphael was a fool for loving Marco, going crazy about her and dying about her when there was another girl in the play with whom the whole audience was in love, and who loved him with all her dear, good heart. The real Marco of the play, not the absolutely meaningless distortion of it seen at the Academy, had an explanation for her induration of heart. She was the not uncommon type of the woman who marries for money, and for money only. Her family had fallen from wealth, luxury and a universality of cordial friendships to poverty, humiliation and abandonment by former associates. She now has a chance to regain all that, so she bids the poor sculptor to fare further. While the play is not as well written, perhaps, as if the original author had had—if such an idea is conceivable or susceptible of grammatical expression — the privilege of living in the twentieth century, it is not quite as bad as the young scribes would have us believe. As a production it was worse.



SIR CHARLES WYNDHAM
The distinguished English player who was seen at the Empire Theatre, New York, recently in a revival of "The Mollusc"

BROADWAY. "THE MIDNIGHT SONS." Musical play in two acts by Glen MacDonough and Raymond Hubbell. Produced May 22. Cast:

| | |
|---|---|
| Senator Constant Noyes | Geo. A. Schiller |
| Jack | Joseph M. Ratliff |
| Dick | Harry Fisher |
| Harry | Denman Maley |
| Tom | Fritz Williams |
| Merri Murray | Lotta Faust |
| Rose Raglan | Norma Brown |
| Claire Voyant | Linden Beckwith |
| Pansy Burns | Geo. Monroe |
| Lily Burns | Lillian Lee |
| A. Case Daly | Taylor Holmes |

Souseberry Lushmore.....Vernon Castle
Miss Beatrice Ballast..Blanche Sherwood
Lady Fire-Fly.....Gladys Moore
Mlle. DeLeon.....Maybelle Meeker
The Cynical Owl....Berchard Dickerson
The Baby Owl.....Johnnie Hines
Mercedes Panhard.....Nan J. Brennan
Harriet Hammer.....Mollie McGrath
Katherine Knockwell.....Florence Cable
Mrs. Carrie Margin.....Blanche Ring

The summer show triumphant may be contemplated at the Broadway Theatre, under the sign and title of "The Midnight Sons." It is a great, glittering Lew Fields' production, aptly characterized on the playbill as "a musical moving picture in eight films"—a type of entertainment belonging as distinctively to Broadway, New York, as the revue does to the "little" theatres of Paris. Nor can the American product be said to suffer one whit by this comparison. Where our librettist is slow, our scenic impresario dashes along at a mile a minute. Our comedy stars sail off gallantly under their native own wit; our singing beauties are lyric-proof, and immune against adulterated music.

The title of "The Midnight Sons" is quite meaningless; and whatever framework of plot or story Mr. Glen MacDonough may originally have provided, has been painlessly removed by the stage manager, so that only a few commonplace "words" remain. But, oh! the sparkling, shimmering, joyous show! It is parted in the middle by a single brief intermission, and there are eight scenes in the two kaleidoscopic acts, with twenty musical numbers, and two or three dancing specialties thrown in. Simply to name the principal performers, and to gasp or applaud or throw a rose at the best things they give, will constitute a good long notice of this latest Broadway bunchlight. There are: Blanche Ring, with her wholesome, refined, exuberant charm of voice and personality, most exquisitely gowned, and bringing a whole armful of song-trophies with her from the wilds of vaudeville; Lotta Faust, positively startling in her Spanish loveliness as "Carmen the Second," with an added dash of Carmencita, and a dance that Zuloaga or Sorolla ought to paint; George Monroe, in his inimitable rôle of the elephantine Irish cook-lady; Lillian Lee, the lady with an alpenstock figure; Melville Ellis, the wizard pianist, and composer of this summer's excursion boat-song, *Goo-goo Land;* the Marvelous Millers, in some hypnotic waltzing that almost puts a crimp in the Merry Widow; and some extraordinary farce-acting, with very ordinary material, by Fritz Williams, George Schiller, Harry Fisher, Vernon Castle, and other gentlemanly comedians; the American Beauty Chorus, and the perennial English Pony Ballet. Blend all these in a puzzle-picture of romp and rhythm staged by Ned Wayburn, punctuated by scenes of mechanical novelty such as the breathless honeymoon party on the observation platform of a limited express train speeding through a moving-picture landscape—and you have some faint conception of what an up-to-date Broadway summer show is like.

---

NEW AMSTERDAM AERIAL GARDENS. "THE BOY AND THE GIRL." Musical play in two acts by Richard Carle. Additional lyrics by M. E. Rourke. Music by H. L. Heartz and R. Carle. Produced May 31. Cast:

Adolph Allen.....Barney Bernard
Clarence Percival.....Edward M. Favor
Dick Percival.....Burrell Barberetto
Professor Zero.....Toby Lyons
Jasper Plum.....Eugene Moulan
Signor Tomasso.....Felix Fantus
Headwaiter .....Hugh Fav
Katie .....Harriet Standon
Avita .....Marion Garson
Winona .....Florence Averell
Evelyn .....Sophia Ralph
Salome .....Vivian Rushmore
Marion .....Mabel Howell
Telegraph Boy.....Claudia Clarke
A Kodak Fiend.....Nedra Gage
A Coachman.....Helen St. John
A Footman.....Audrey Munson
Gladys De Vine.....Marie Dressler

As an aerial machine, driven by one of the most powerful dynamos known to the stage—Miss Marie Dressler, "The Boy and the Girl," will answer its purpose for the summer. Miss Dressler is unique, and any vehicle of which she is a part furnishes the effect of a joy ride at top speed. The identity and purpose of Gladys de Vine in the action or story of the opera it would be useless to inquire into, but as to the substantial existence of Miss Dressler there can be no confusion of thought. Exactly why she essays to take a ride in an automobile brought on by the Impresario of Allen's Alcazar and his Silent Partner is a matter of small consequence. It is the ride which is irresistibly comical. To describe it would be to describe horseplay. To see it is to be amused in spite of all preachment. The automobile is hardly more than a toy, which Miss Dressler is not. How she becomes enmeshed in its wreck and has to be pried out with a shovel is played with such complete earnestness of drollery that one laughs with all the sincerity of a country bumpkin. Perhaps it is too childish to be laughed at, but the summer dispensation for foolery permits it. Miss Dressler has a song about *A Poor Working Girl* that is worth a few idle moments of one's life. Her humor is tempestuous, but genuine, unconventional, and all her own. Mr. Carle's mental make-up equips him as the ideal writer of summer shows. He appears to be incapable of any continuity of thought longer than two minutes and a half, and the greater part of the action in his productions is nothing more nor less than that of a chicken in those few minutes of strenuosity following its decapitation. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, many of Mr. Carle's decapitated movements are amusing. His opera is an iridescent and evanescent bubble. As to the singing and dancing, it is sufficient

Otto Sarony Co.

LOTTA FAUST
As Carmen the Second in "The Midnight Sons"

to note that they are up to the standard of Broadway.

---

WALLACK'S. "THE GAME OF LOVE." Comedy in four acts by Federico Mariani. Produced May 24 with this cast:

John .....Forester Hackett
Philip Grove.....Fred. W. Strong
Alfred Britton.....E. J. Ratcliffe
Robert Watson.....Sheldon Lewis
Mrs. Richard Holmes.....Josephine Lovett
Mildred Holmes.....Florence Lester
Louise Grove.....Gertrude Berkeley
Richard Holmes.....William Norton
Park.....H. E. De Lasaux
Dixon.....Charles D. Herman

The most offensive play, moral or immoral, is the stupid and unnecessary play. "The Game of Love" proves nothing, excites no emotion of any kind, except of a theatrical kind occasionally, and leaves no memory behind of any good done or even attempted. Its maladies are of an internal order. Externally, it has not only many, but all the symptoms of a play, and, to one inexperienced in diagnosis, it might appear to be in reality a play; but how can it be a play when it means nothing? An artist makes love to the wife of his best friend, whose connubial blindness is as pitiable as it is impossible. He had already, in the history of his amours, lured away and abandoned the wife of another friend, the friend of this friend. His character surely would be obvious and of record in his community, and yet he is a trusted guest in good society. The scene of the action in this play is given as "wherever the game is played." That may be the way the game is played on the continent, but not in this much-abused country. While making love to the wife, the artist is playing the game with a sister in the household, and gets her to love him with all the ardor of girlhood. The husband of the already deserted wife warns the expert lovemaker that he will thwart his plans. He could have exposed the character and history of the man at any moment, but that would have destroyed the "situations" in the play. He awaits his opportunity and takes a potshot at the artist, on a dark night, as he is about to elope with the wife. The artist is taken to the hospital. Upon his recovery he turns up at the home which he has tried to destroy, explaining that he is going to be good. Why? How so? He is going to marry. Incredible! Whom? His nurse at the hospital. Who is she? The divorced wife of his friend's friend. Thus the play ends in comedy, and the man who plays the game of love with his dirty stacked pack of cards is not such a bad fellow after all. The play is wholly conventional, without the basic truths involved in conventionality as used by dramatists of mediocre faculties, but with some sense of theme and dominant purpose. In the externals of stagecraft the play exhibits a wide range of empricism. The acting was not much better than the play itself. E. J. Ratcliffe, a player of some experience, gave a conventional performance as the artist. Perhaps the one redeeming point was the excellent acting of Gertrude Berkeley as Louise Grove.

EMMY DESTINN
As Salome in the London production of Strauss' opera

HACKETT. "THE NARROW PATH." Play in three acts by John Montague. Produced May 31 with this cast:

Bertha Clark.....Ida Conquest
Gladys Barnett.....Consuelo Bailey
Lou Black.....Georgia Lawrence
Marie Simpson.....Marion Ballou
The Other Woman.....Dorothy Rossmore
Dick Strong.....Frederick Perry
Frank Dunne.....George Parsons
Montrose Castonville.....Joseph Dailey

"The Narrow Path" was brought to New York heralded as something more daring than "The Easiest Way." It lasted for one night. It failed because it served no end, had no real purpose, and was theatrical throughout. We are asked to believe that manicure girls, by the very nature of their occupation, are no better than they should be; but Bertha Clark is an exception. Because of her virtue the writer of the play promptly ties her to a stake and tortures her through three acts. A young magazine writer loves her, and she becomes engaged to him. A wicked man about town tries to prevail on her to adopt the life of her associates and permit him to provide her with luxuries. She scorns him with proper hauteur, but it is plain that he will not give up the chase. One of her companions, the youngest of the manicure set, visits her at midnight and confides her troubles to her. The wicked man about town had found a victim in her. Bertha attempts to make him do right by her. In an interview with him, she is so urgent that he agrees to leave a check for her for $5,000 as some compensation, the check being made out to bearer. The man's wife breaks in, with detectives, and secures the proof that is needed to secure her divorce. The wicked man had locked the door. Moreover, the check is for $500 only. The magazine writer appears, and is convinced by the circumstances and the check made payable to bearer that Bertha is untrue. He leaves for Panama, but returns six months later with the design of killing her. The chance appearance of the girl whom Bertha had tried to befriend solves the situation, for she slaps the wicked man in the face, and the truth is out. The man who was going to kill Bertha will now marry her, and they will tread the path together leading to happiness, but the other characters in the play all make off in a different direction.

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ACADEMY OF MUSIC. E. H. SOTHERN AND JULIA MARLOWE IN SHAKESPEARIAN REPERTOIRE.

There has been a tremendous outcry of late over the so-called decadence of the stage. Certain playhouses have presented novelties of dubious moral worth. But the season which has recently been brought to a close is also to be noted for the splendid support the public has paid to the legitimate. In fact, Shakespeare has been a big paying factor in theatrical receipts since the new year was ushered in. Mantell held the metropolitan boards for a good three months, and Sothern and Marlowe packed the vast

(*Continued on page ix*)

# René Fauchois—the Author of "Beethoven"

A NEW dramatic poet has just risen to fame in Paris. He is René Fauchois, whose three-act drama "Beethoven" has been one of the successes of the Parisian theatrical season, which has just come to an end. René Fauchois is in his twenty-seventh year, and already he has made his mark. It needed some audacity to place the almost godlike personality of Beethoven on the stage at all; but to do so successfully, without falling below the spectator's conception of the king of musicians, needed the inspiration of genius. With the audacity of his twenty-odd years René Fauchois undertook the difficult task and succeeded.

Though a successful dramatic author at 27, René Fauchois owes nothing to fortune. He is a self-made man. The ever-present necessity of earning his own living did not prevent him from working for the future. He was educated, so far as schools are concerned, mainly at the Technical School at Rouen, where he learned the trade of carpenter. But, when only 15 years old, he was already conscious of the fact that joinering was not his vocation. He had more taste for turning an effective verse with his pen than for turning a chair-leg with his lathe. So he abandoned the idea of becoming a carpenter, and a few years later he became an actor. In this connection it is interesting to note that the director of the Rouen Technical School was present at the Odéon to witness the first night of "Beethoven."

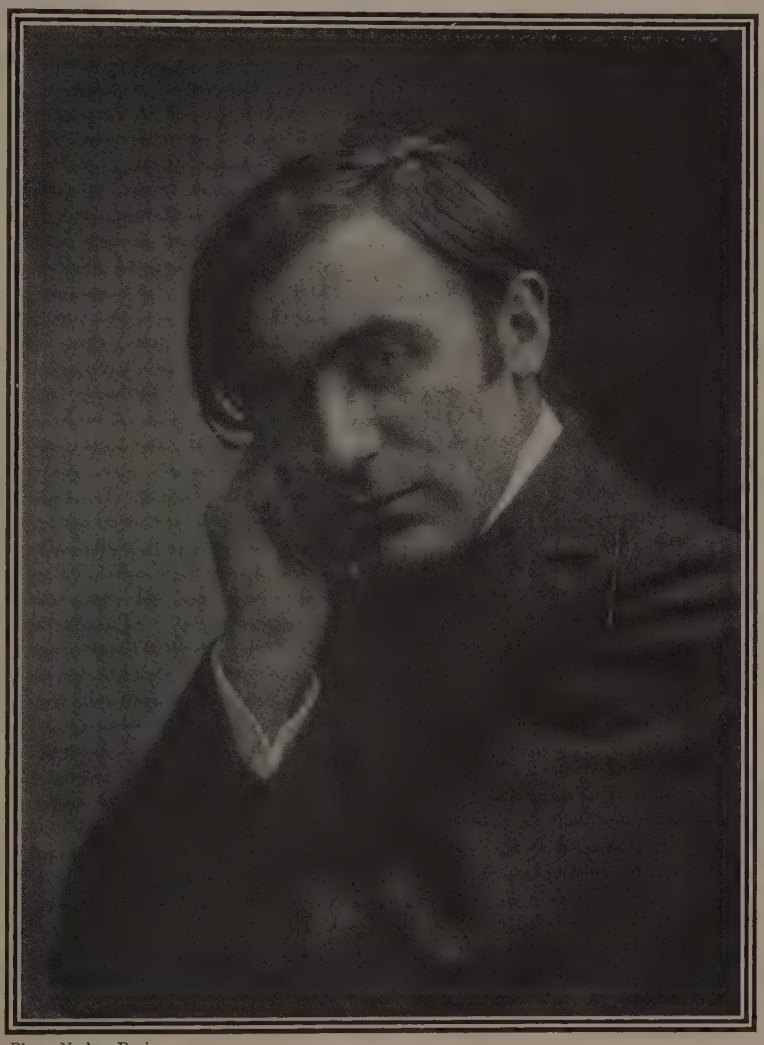


Photo Nadar, Paris

RENÉ FAUCHOIS

Author of "Beethoven," which will be produced at the New Theatre next fall

As an actor René Fauchois was never known to the great public, though Desjardins, the leading actor at the Odéon, who worthily impersonates the difficult part of Beethoven, and who acted with Fauchois when the latter played the rôle of Vergniaud in "Théroigne de Méricourt" at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt a few years ago, asserts that Fauchois was an excellent artist, and would certainly have succeeded if he had persevered. He took the rôle of Pontius Pilate in his own play, "La Fille de Pilate," when it was produced last year at the Théâtre des Arts, and has played the rôle of Beethoven in his own play in the provinces. However, whatever his prospects as an actor may have been, he learned by personal experience the requirements of the stage, and when a member of Mounet-Sully's company on tour had opportunities of continually hearing French verse as only the great tragedian of the Théâtre Français can declaim it.

During the time which, as a junior member of a touring company, he had at his disposal, he wrote verses and constructed scenarios. His subsequent work has been the product of boundless energy and youthful enthusiasm, guided by steady, painstaking perseverance calculated to overcome all obstacles. In 1902, when only twenty years old, his first dramatic effort "Louis XVII," a play in five acts, was performed by the dramatic society known as the Théâtre des Poètes. Two years later was produced "L'Exode," a modern drama, at the Théâtre Nouveau. These works made no deep impression, though they indicated that their author had powers beyond his years.

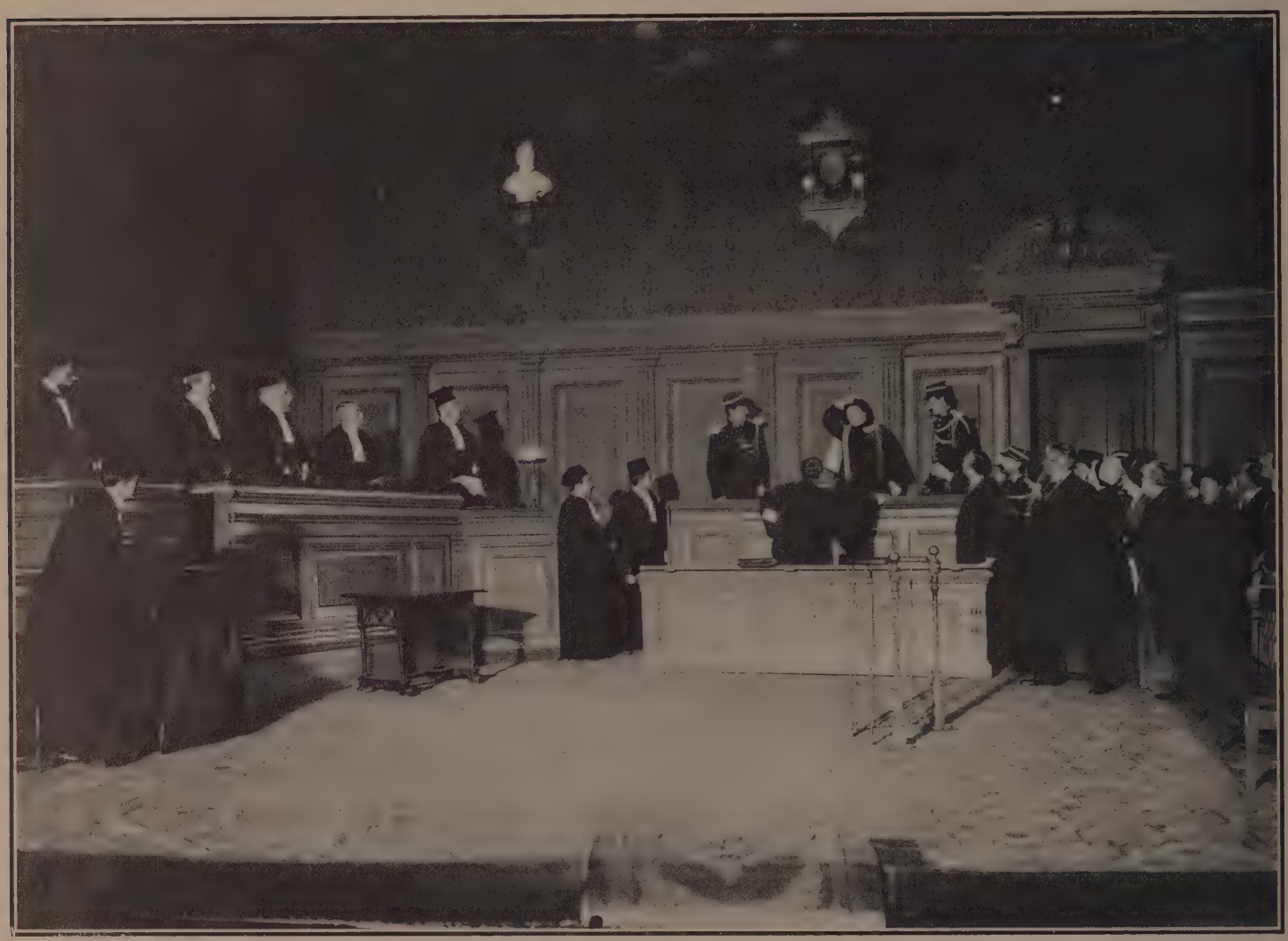
Then occurred an incident which, though apparently trifling at first, was to influence the young poet's entire career. While waiting in the antechamber of a Parisian theatre manager he was killing time by glancing through a French translation of the biographical notes on Beethoven by the latter's friends Wegeler and Ferdinand Ries. These notes on the musician's life interested the young poet so deeply that he forgot all about his prospective interview with the manager. He went away without having spoken to the man he had come to see, but with the initial idea of his play "Beethoven" developing in his brain. He constructed ten scenarios before he found one that suited him. It was on August 1, 1906, that the play was commenced. For about three months the author labored steadily from morning till evening, and at the end of November in the same year submitted the manuscript to M. Antoine, manager of the Odéon. The next day the author was informed that his play was accepted. But though accepted so quickly it was two years before it was produced.

Meanwhile René Fauchois wrote a short tragedy in three acts entitled "La Fille de Pilate," which was produced at the Théâtre des Arts a year ago, and was revived for a short run at the Porte Saint Martin during Holy Week this year. In this play, as already stated, the author himself played the rôle of Pontius Pilate. The tragedy tells the story of Pilate's daughter who saw Jesus on the occasion of His triumphal entry into Jerusalem riding on an ass. She fell deeply in love with Him immediately, if such a phrase can be applied to the ideal sentiment which the meeting of their eyes called into existence. They were telepathically united, and this telepathic sympathy makes Pontia, Pilate's daughter, feel all the sufferings inflicted on Christ until the moment of His death on Calvary. As if hypnotized, she stands with her arms outstretched while the Saviour is on the cross, and at the moment He gives up the ghost she falls dead. The tragedy is interesting as a personal conception grafted on Holy Writ, but it is in no way so important a work as "Beethoven."

A notable feature of the stage-mounting of "Beethoven" is the introduction of Beethoven's own music, played by the Colonne orchestra, to contribute in creating an atmosphere for the play

and in heightening certain effects. Selections from the great composer's works are also played between the acts.

The scene of "Beethoven" is laid in Vienna. We see the composer at the height of his fame with a music-loving archduke and princess of the blood taking him under their protection and requesting the pleasure of his company to an informal dinner. But already a shadow is cast over Beethoven's mind by the premonitory symptoms of deafness which at times he feels. At the end of the first act Beethoven, aware of the faithlessness of the woman he loves, Giulietta Guicciardi, is left alone, seated on a bench in a public park, and as night falls he appears to be so wretched that even a beggar takes pity on him and tries to comfort him.



THE SENSATIONAL TRIAL IN ALEXANDER BISSON'S DRAMA "LA FEMME X," WHICH HENRY W. SAVAGE WILL PRODUCE HERE NEXT SEASON

The plot, says the Paris correspondent of the London *Stage*, deals with an unhappy woman who is driven from her husband's home for infidelity. Later he feels sorry and goes vainly in search for her. She becomes an adventuress and the mistress of a scamp. She takes to drink, and while intoxicated talks about her past, thus giving her companion the idea of blackmailing her former husband, who is now president of the civil tribunal. She beseeches her associate to desist, and when he refuses she strikes him. She is arrested, but refuses to make any defense and when arraigned in court the counsel assigned to her is her own twenty-year-old son who, without knowing that the woman whose case is the first he has ever pleaded is his own mother, pleads well, and in seeking to diminish the culpability of his client he denounces in accents of scorn the man who out of pride had driven her to what she had become. This man, of course, is his own father. The woman is acquitted, but she soon sees the best way out of the difficulty. Mme. Jane Hading played the part of the woman in the Paris production

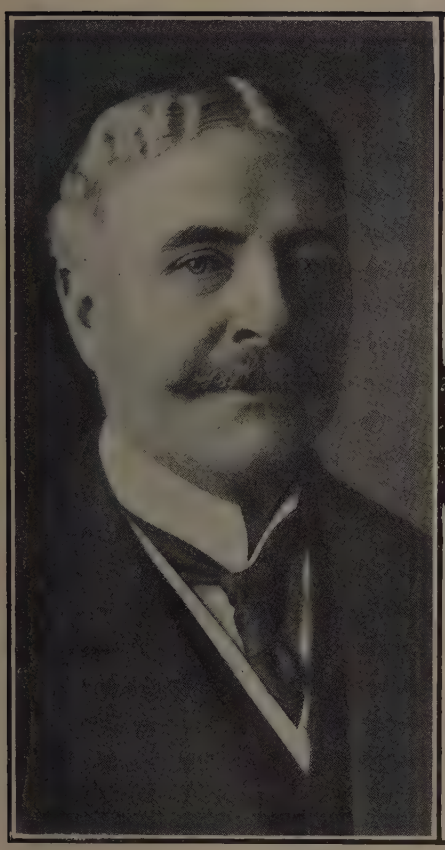
The second act, the scene of which is laid in Beethoven's own room, is the one in which the tragedy of the composer's life reaches a climax. He has already had fits of deafness; but now, while one of his quartets is being rehearsed, he realizes the fact that he is quite deaf, and the curtain falls on the agony of his mortification and despair. In the earlier part of this act, while seated at his desk in the throes of composition, he receives the visit of his fervent admirer, the beautiful Bettina Brentano, a friend of Goethe, but whose admiration for Beethoven's music does not prevent her from marrying Count Von Arnim. Bettina Brentano brings to Beethoven a message of admiration from the author of "Faust."

In the third and last act, fifteen years later, Beethoven is seen in the modest abode which serves as his home. He is broken down in health, deserted or forgotten by his friends and influential protectors, misunderstood by the members of his family. His cherished nephew, for whom he had made great sacrifices, robs him before his very eyes. However, as heartbroken he feels the hour of death approach, he bitterly regrets being alone. His unlimited capacity for love has never been satisfied. He deplores the absence of a wife, a son, or a daughter. Then, suddenly, there appear to him nine beautiful white-robed maidens, representing his nine symphonies, who, in prophetic utterances, give the dying musician all the comfort and consolation in their power. Finally, Beethoven dies while under the hallucination that he is conducting some invisible orchestra.

"Beethoven" is hardly a masterpiece; but it is an extremely interesting and in many respects novel work. For an author under thirty years of age to have given the stage such a play, needing tact, skill, power and reserve, is a *tour de force.*

René Fauchois is not only a dramatic poet; he is also a thinker who has pondered deeply on all the problems, social and otherwise, which confront the rising generation. This is what he says about the hopes and aspirations of Young France:

"I firmly believe that among the young men of France there is fermenting at the present time a conscious and resolute force. Young France is athirst for action—not tumultuous, revolutionary action, but methodical, well-ordered action. Its disdain for politics is a guarantee of its sincerity. It will put an end to the eighteenth century, which has not yet died out. To be continually denying, to be unceasingly destroying, appear to it to



Bangs CHARLES A. STEVENSON
Appearing with Viola Allen in "The White Sister"

Matzene MILTON SILLS
Recently seen as Paul Mayne in "The Happy Marriage" at the Garrick Theatre

Moffett EUGENE O'BRIEN
Who achieved success as Fernand in "The Thief"

be a dangerous game at which the better part of its heart, its intelligence and its courage would soon be exhausted. It is of opinion that Science has acquired a sufficient number of certainties, has stored up enough material for it to be at length possible to construct. To construct is henceforth its ideal.

"Joy for it is not what joy has been heretofore: a reward after work; in fact, the contrary of work. It desires joy in the work itself. It desires that work be no longer merely the instrument of mankind's felicity—but that felicity itself.

"Above all, it does not regard its epoch as devoid of grandeur, and it is the heroism of modern times which its artists will soon attempt to express. So many conflicts have arisen throughout the world; thrones are being shaken; there is the universal struggle engaged in by the proletariat against capital; there is that fraternal tendency which is every day more and more intermingling fellow-nations; the audacity of scientists, explorers and engineers is reducing the earth to the proportions of a vast garden which it will soon be humiliating not to have traversed in every part, so numerous and easy have the roads and vehicles become—what magnificent subjects are these for the lyrism of the new poets!"

MACLYN ARBUCKLE IN HIS NEW PLAY "THE CIRCUS MAN"

As to M. René Fauchois' future, it would be rash to prophesy. In what direction will the evolution of his talents tend? Will the poet predominate, or the dramatist? As regards the immediate future, however, he has just finished a drama in verse, "Le Casque," and is working on a comedy, also in verse, entitled "La Courtisane et sa suite."

As for René Fauchois' plans for the future, they are sufficiently elastic to allow of the unforeseen happening. When questioned as to his work, he said:

"My next play will be in verse. Its title is 'Rivoli,' and it is in two parts and six acts. You ask me if I intend writing any plays in prose? I have come to no definite decision on the subject. All I can say is that I have about twenty plays in preparation and they are all in verse. But just at present I am working solely on 'Rivoli.'"

In dividing his play into two parts and six acts M. Fauchois again shows originality in construction, as he did in "Beethoven." Is it permissible to assume from the title "Rivoli" that the play deals with an incident connected with Napoleon's Italian campaign and his victory over the Austrians in 1797, when Masséna won the title of Duc de Rivoli?

EDGAR STEPHENSON.

# Maude Adams in Schiller's "Joan of Arc"

BY the time this issue reaches our readers Maude Adams will have been seen as the heroine of Schiller's classic play, "Joan of Arc." The performance took place in the Stadium of Harvard University on the evening of June 22d last.

POSTER FOR THE SPECTACLE

The circumstances that led up to Charles Frohman making this elaborate and expensive production are interesting. A year ago, while acting in Boston, Miss Adams was driven through "the yard" and past the principal buildings of Harvard College. The purposes of the different buildings—some of brick and some of rich granite—were told her. The humblest of them all was the one which attracted her most. It was the Germanic Museum, which, standing on Broadway, opposite Memorial Hall, in a little square all by itself, represents the important movement that has been going on for years at Harvard toward German culture in America. The story of the little building and its costly possessions—gifts from Kaiser Wilhelm—interested the actress more than any other side of the University life. Miss Adams at once became imbued with the desire to do something for the museum, which is badly in need of a new and larger building, and she discussed the matter with Mr. Frohman. Then followed a formal invitation to Miss Adams from the Germanic department to go to Harvard and act in English in one of the German classics.

Maude Adams has always been an eager student of everything having to do with the life and dramatic possibilities of Joan of Arc. The personality of the Maid has always appealed to her most strongly. The mysticism, the frailty, the spiritual heroism of the character are traits which naturally would take hold of Maude Adams—herself mystically and spiritually inclined. Mr. Frohman and Miss Adams accordingly accepted the invitation of the Germanic department and at once named an English version of Schiller's "Joan of Arc" as the play suitable for the occasion.

In preparing the production every care was taken to impress the spectators and audience with much of the reverence that people feel at the Passion play of Oberammergau. It was decided that the important pageants of the play, such as the coronation of King Charles in the Cathedral at Rheims and the huge battle scene between the English and the French outside the walls of Orleans, must be rendered with all the gorgeousness and historical accuracy that money, taste and intelligence could insure. Special scenic settings, adaptable to the Stadium, were built under the direction of Ernest Gros, and in the matter of costumes Miss Adams had the co-operation of John Alexander, the well-known artist. The production called for 1,300 costumes, armor, etc., and the employment of one thousand supernumeraries, with fifty super captains and a small host of armorers, costume masters, wardrobe masters, etc. The "bowl" of the Stadium, which holds ten thousand spectators, was to be used for seating purposes, all that portion of the field and a large section of the Gridiron that faces the "bowl" being used for the stage. The actors tread upon turf instead of boards.

Thirteen hundred people took part in the performance. This includes about eight hundred men in armor on horseback, monks, citizens (men and women), nobles, choir boys, English and French infantry. Joan always appeared, according to tradition, riding the only white horse to be seen upon the big field, carrying aloft her "Jesus, Maria" banner. According to Schiller, the Maid of France never raised her sword. As the leader of her country's army, Joan's first appearance clad in armor on the Stadium battlefield is signaled by cries of "The Maid! The Maid!"—uttered by the thousand troops engaged in the heat of man to man conflict. In the midst of the din of battle and the crowded warring of the medieval army, Joan unexpectedly appears upon the ridge of a hill, on her white horse, and as suddenly and as unexpectedly gallops into the midst of the contending forces, and, by her very presence, waving her banner aloft, breaks the back of the English defense and leads her countrymen in an assault upon the walls of Orleans—which they recapture by a supreme effort, and thereby achieve the great work Joan set out to do.

The death of the Maid in the Stadium performance is not, as in history, the passive sacrifice of a martyr at the stake, but the heroic ending of a warrior on the battlefield. According to Schiller, once Orleans was retaken from the English, Joan is wounded mortally, as in history she actually was wounded severely, and, while the soldiers of France are driving the English from the battlements of Orleans, the Maid is carried bleeding and fatally wounded from the battlefield by her generals. They bring her to a spring in a remote part of the field, and there, breathing a blessing upon France, upon her king whom her courage has enthroned, and upon the green field of Domremy, which she is to see no more, she dies. Her funeral cortège is impressive. Her body is borne upon the shields of her chieftains from the scene of her triumphs amid the strains of the magnificent funeral march in Beethoven's symphony, "Eroica."

THE STADIUM OF HARVARD UNIVERSITY, IN WHICH THE SPECTACLE AND PAGEANT TOOK PLACE ON JUNE 22. IT ACCOMMODATES TEN THOUSAND PERSONS

Copyright Charles Frohman, 1909

MAUDE ADAMS AS THE MAID OF ORLEANS

In one of the principal tableaux, Joan is seen mounted on the traditional white horse, overlooking the armies in conflict on the plains below

Byron, N. Y. Mrs. Alexander Maude Adams John W. Alexander

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF MAUDE ADAMS AT REHEARSAL EVER TAKEN

Miss Adams is inspecting the costuming of the supers at a rehearsal of "Joan of Arc," prior to the public performance in the Stadium at Harvard

Everyone who has thus far attempted the titanic task of presenting the Maid of Orleans on the stage has been content to present Joan of Arc alone—instead of putting before the public Joan of Arc set in the explanatory and illuminating life of her time. The historic Maid without the environment of France of Joan of Arc's time is surely like "Hamlet" without Denmark. To show the utter helplessness of France, into which the Maid rode in 1429, explains Joan, the saviour of her country. The comprehensive dramatic representation of the weakling King Charles VII, panic-stricken, surrounded by traitors, futile in deed and in thought, successful only in disorganizing his own forces, explains the inspired leadership of Joan, and the miraculous power that made it possible for her to turn a retreating mob into a victorious national army. The depiction by dramatic scenes of Joan's wish, once her work was over, to return to her shepherd's flock at Domremy, brings out her humility as a saint and common-sense simplicity as a woman. Audiences of recent times have seen three attempts to make the Maid of France dramatically lifelike—the Fanny Davenport production, Mme. Sarah Bernhardt's performance, and, most recently of all, the Percy Mackaye "Joan of Arc" acted by E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe. If the Stadium performance demonstrates anything, it brings out the fact that it is only in an amphitheatre of Stadium dimensions, not in an ordinary theatre of conventional limitations, that the dramatic career of Joan of Arc can be adequately represented. The Maid, in saving France from the stifling grip of the English, came to the rescue of European civilization. That is a tremendous dramatic theme—too tremendous to find utterance within the confines of an ordinary theatre proscenium arch. Nothing short of an amphitheatre can possibly be expected to set forth an inspired shepherd lass tending her flocks upon a natural hillside, an army encamped upon the eve of a great conflict, a reasonable likeness of an actual battlefield, an international clash of arms between the leading nations of Europe, a cathedral with nothing but the sky above it, and a coronation procession participated in by a whole nation. And yet, without representing these scenes upon a scale commensurate with their significance, "Joan of Arc" is not explained, and the attempt to dramatize the Maid of France without this necessary picture of the France of her times has always seemed much ado about nothing. No one would think of staging, in a modern theatre, a play completely picturing how Lincoln saved the Union. No more should anyone hope to depict, within the forty-foot stage of the ordinary theatre, how Joan of Arc saved France.

It is, therefore, unreasonable to reflect upon any previous dramatic performance of "Joan of Arc." The attempts to vitalize the Maid of France in drama by Mme. Bernhardt, Miss Davenport and Miss Marlowe were, in their way, characteristic of the finished artistry of those prominent players. But they grappled with insurmountable difficulties in attempting to represent, upon a pigmy scale, a gigantic story. Maude Adams could not hope to bring to bear upon the playing of Joan of Arc the statuesque beauty and heroic grandeur that her predecessors possessed to the full. But as they delighted the eye and the mind of the spectator by a completely finished portrait of Joan, Maude Adams' purpose is to impress her audience with a Joan of Arc, shepherd maiden as she was in appearance, heroic, not so much by personal looks as by personal deeds, inspiring, because of her simplicity and humility rather than by statuesque grandeur, and dramatically appealing, not through miraculous powers described as being exercised off stage, but acted within the clear vision of her audience, and surrounded by the thousand and one historically explanatory details of her times.

Moffett, Chicago
Madaline Sneed (Florence Fisher) Paul Churchill (George Howard)
Act I. Madaline for the first time sees the minstrel man, who becomes her betrayer

Moffett, Chicago Madaline (Florence Fisher) Mary (Mabel Bert)
Act II. The mother is shocked upon discovering the absence of the wedding ring from her daughter's hand

Moffett, Chicago
John Sneed (Henry V. Donnelly) David (John Westley)
Act II. John and his son toss a coin to see who gets the first shot in a proposed pool game

Moffett, Chicago
Mary Sneed (Mabel Bert) David Sneed (John Westley)
Act III. David: "You're right, mother; God punished him. He's dead and he'll go to hell"

SCENES IN "THE FAMILY," A HOME DRAMA BY ROBERT H. DAVIS

"The Family" is a drama of simple American life in which is shown the tremendous influence for good on the part of a Christian mother who is called upon suddenly to face a shock that threatens to destroy the home. She triumphs and the little brood is better for it. The company, which contains but six in its cast and created a sensation in Chicago and the Middle West this spring, comes to New York in September for the winter's run. "The Family," Mr. Davis' first play, is under the direction of Henry Miller

# The Stars of To-morrow

*Every now and again in Broadway productions some member of the cast hitherto unknown to fame makes a distinct individual hit. It may be only a bit, a small part which no one, not even the manager or author, expected would be noticed, and it was perhaps entrusted to a novice. Yet there is something in the way it is acted, a certain magnetism in the player that makes the audience instantly sit up and ask, "Who is she?" Many stars now heading their own companies laid the cornerstone of their popularity in this way. The* THEATRE MAGAZINE *will present each month, under this heading, brief personal sketches and portraits of those younger actresses and actors whose talents have won for them recognition on the current metropolitan stage*

EDWARD EMERY, by his restrained, yet quietly forceful portrayal of the insurgent young packer of the slaughter yards of Chicago, in "The Great John Ganton," won curiously unqualified and unanimous praise from metropolitan critics. Heredity is the secret of this unusual unanimity of critical opinion.

Scherer, N. Y.
EDWARD EMERY

Three preceding Emerys were sterling English actors. His first dramatic forebear was Markle Emery, his great grandfather. And Markle Emery, actor, begat John Emery, actor, and John Emery, actor, begat Samuel Emery, actor, and Samuel Emery, actor, begat Edward Emery, actor. Thus runs the chronicle of genealogy. Edward Emery made his childish début at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, in London, under the management of the late F. C. Chatterton. He was there in childish beginnings associated with the stellar radiance of Adelaide Neilson, Charles Dillon and Dion Boucicault. Small juvenile rôles played with stock companies brought him to the attention of Wilson Barrett, who engaged him for a rôle in Bronson Howard's "The Banker's Daughter." Subsequently he played with Charles Hawtry and Sir Charles Wyndham. Since coming to this country his chief successes have been as Capt. Redwood in "Jim the Penman," Lord Darlington in "Lady Windermere's Fan," Lord Robert Ure in "The Christian," and Captain Spicer in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs."

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LORRAINE FROST at sixteen is disproving the hoary pessimism that "A child prodigy grows up into a nonentity." She is playing adult parts not only acceptably but pleasingly in Robert Mantell's repertoire. As Marie in "The Marble Heart" and Cordelia in "King Lear," she has satisfied difficult critics and been re-engaged for another season to duplicate her successses. Miss Frost was ten years old when she made her début in the original "Little Princess" company. She was cast for "Nora," and her sister Leila for Lottie in the Burnett play. The next season they joined the Andrew Mack company, she playing Millicent Bassett in "The Bold Soldier Boy." The following season she was engaged to play Minnie with Charles Hawtry in "A Message from Mars." For four years she has been with Mr. Mantell, playing the Prince of Wales in "Richard III," Fleance in "Macbeth," Jessica in "The Merchant of Venice," Lucius in "Julius Cæsar," Cordelia in "King Lear," Prince Henry in "King John," and Thea and Marie in "The Marble Heart." In San Francisco and elsewhere on a western tour, while Mrs. Marie Booth Russell was ill, she played Ophelia in "Hamlet." Last winter she left the company to attend school in New York and rejoined Mr. Mantell for his New York appearances. The two sisters have always been in the same company, their mother traveling with them and acting as governess, and occasionally playing small parts. Of dramatic ancestors this little girl had but one, an aunt who lived in France.

LORRAINE FROST

FRITZ LIEBER

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FRITZ LEIBER, leading man with Robert Mantell, was born in Chicago. He was intended for the ministry, but could not resist the call to the stage. His inches got him an engagement, and his talent and perseverance have kept him there. He secured his first part by accident. He just happened along one day when a Chicago stock company found itself in need of a Private Jones for "The Girl I Left Behind Me." It was a big rôle for a beginner, but he received enough encouragement to continue. Then he played the lead in a piece called "The Broken Heart." Next came two weeks in "Darkest Russia," then "Faust" and "A Fool's Paradise." His first real chance came when he was engaged for the Ben Greet Players. He remained with them until last season, appearing in sixteen Shakespearian productions, and playing Prospero, Orsino, and Marcus Brutus. The season before last he was with Julia Marlowe.

Davis & Eickemeyer
S. K. WALKER

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STARR KING WALKER gives an object lesson by his work as the private secretary of the Fool in "A Fool There Was" how strong an impression may be made by intelligent acting of a small part. "Repose, thy name is Walker," was one of the plaudits flung at him for his bit in the play. His name recalls, indeed he received it from, the eminent San Francisco scholar and preacher, Thomas Starr King, who was a relative. Mr. Walker is a New Yorker. He graduated from the public schools of the metropolis and studied medicine at Columbia University. Being, he believed, unadapted to that profession he chose the stage instead. He has had a varied experience in his seven years upon the stage, having gone to the good old school of stock company work, and playing among others the rôle of John Lennox in "David Harum," Lawrence Trenwith in "Iris," and Robert Grey in "The Wife." It was while playing these rôles that he studied music. He plays the violin, piano and cello. He has a baritone voice, which he has cultivated. He took an excursion into vaudeville, playing his own sketches. He has written a play in which he hopes to star.

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EMILY WURSTER, the remarkable child in "A Fool There Was," is known to her stage comrades and her family as "Boots." When she began to talk, she gave herself that name, it being one of the first words she learned, she obstinately transferring the title from her brother's red-topped footwear to herself. The name has clung and will cling. Prophets have predicted that in musical comedy the name will be linked with an amazing young soubrette before many years have passed. The little girl who plays one of the longest child parts ever written in "A Fool There Was" is six years old. She made her début at two and a half in an Ibsen drama, being one of the children in "A Doll's House." The company played in the South. It was in the early summer, and plump little "Boots" suffered intensely from the heat. The next season was no easier for the baby actress. She played Minnie in "Rip Van Winkle" for three months of one-night stands in Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Texas. The company gave "school matinees" in all the towns that could be reached in time.

EMILY WURSTER

Otto Sarony Co.

KATHERINE KAELRED, THE VAMPIRE WOMAN, IN "A FOOL THERE WAS"

# A Vampire Woman at Close Range

"IS she at all like the part she plays?"

It was the first entr'acte of "A Fool There Was," and my guide and I stood before the door of Katherine Kaelred's dressing room. I was prepared for a bromidic reply. He would, of course, say: "Not in the least. No really great actress is." Instead he gave an amazing answer.

"She is. That is, she is quite capable of being irresistible. A man is safer if he stays away from her. You will see."

With which sage delivery wisdom in a Tuxedo disappeared in the labyrinth of corridors, making his way to the commonplace security of "the front of the theatre." An English maid opened the door, and in the words of my guide and prophet:

I saw, first, an extraordinarily handsome woman, a woman much handsomer than the vampire of "A Fool There Was." Katherine Kaelred is of the few and blessed to whom nearness lends enchantment. Her eyes are big and black, with the velvety brilliance our dreams give to the eyes of Cleopatra, one of the earliest vampires of history. After the eyes the next noticeable attribute is her unusual height and grace, her head hanging habitually with the droop of a windswept lily. No pale, waxen petaled lily, but a flower with the audacious beauty of the rose.

"I tried in the first-act costume to get the effect of a tiger lily," she said, while the Egyptian black eyes brooded over the amber frock and the black mantle with its batwing back.

A tiger lily. That was her prototype in the floral kingdom. The deeply black eyes, the regular featured, vitally glowing face, the wide, smiling lips, the height and drooping grace of her, and the long, pointed, sensitive hands, with fingers like the pointed petals of a blossom of the lily family. Surely a tiger lily.

The voice aided the illusion. It was rich and deep, with an exotic quality.

I "saw," as my guide had predicted, that here was a woman who could be irresistible as the vampire woman she played. She was English, she told me, as the maid went on with her change.

"English?" I repeated it doubtfully. She smiled while she powdered the long, tapering hands.

"Yes, but it is family gossip that I throw back to a French grandmother. All families intermarry somewhat with the French,

Hall EILEEN KEARNEY
As Sadhu, a show girl in "The Beauty Spot," at the Herald Square

White VONNIE HOYT
Appearing in "The Follies of 1909" on the New York Roof. Seen also in "Miss Innocence"

Hall JOSEPHINE BRANDELL
As Shirley, a show girl in "The Beauty Spot," at the Herald Square

I suppose, but I happen to revert to that strain more than do most English girls."

She was wriggling snakelike into the violet gown. Her black eyes shone above it. We talked of her conception of the vampire woman.

"You have made her a brunette. Why? Are there more brunette than blond vampires?"

"No, not so many. Blonds are the worst women. Not on the stage, but in the real world. Mind, I do not mean the manufactured blond, the peroxided person. There are more adventuresses of hers than of the brunette type. I have authority for the statement, besides my own observation. A physician who succeeded Charcot at the head of the Salpetrière in Paris told me so. He said that beneath the wickedness of the blond adventuress lay a substratum of hardness and heartlessness that was unrelenting. 'If my son must fall under the dominion of a wicked woman, pray that she may not be a blond,' " he said.

"You have made up her mouth to be vividly red."

"Because I have studied persons with vividly red lips. I don't like them. I have noticed that they are insincere."

"And cruel?"

"Yes. They have all the attributes of this unpleasant creature."

She sat waiting for her cue, smiling as she smiled at the man whom in the next act she tortured, yet speaking quite impersonally of the "unpleasant creature" who tormented him.

"You do not sympathize with her?"

"No, no. She is terrible, unspeakable. It is the first time I have played such a part, and I hope it will be the last. My conception of her is not of a woman but of sin."

"You never think of her as a woman who, with a different beginning in life——"

"Oh, no. She is absolutely bad. She has no conscience. She is afraid of nothing except old age and death. Sometimes I think of what will become of her after this episode, and the next, and the next?"

"She may reform?"

The Egyptian eyes and the tiger lily face express their slow unbelief. She was powdering the long flexible arms now, the arms that in the play raise the poet's query:

"Know you not that women's arms
Often drag men's souls to death?"

"No, I am sure not. She was strong, and strong persons get into the channel of their seeking and remain there. They don't reform. They remain."

"That serpent-like walk," I reminded her. "Did you go to the serpent for your model of sin?"

"Not consciously. I have been told that from the front my movements look snakelike, but I would not know it otherwise. It is all mental. If one is strong the body obeys the mind and reflects the mental image. That is the nearest I can come to describing it. I don't play the part twice the same."

"Had you any other model, any human one for your vampire?"

"Only the picture. The management wanted me to follow it, and I have tried. I haven't known many vampirish women. My own conception of her is that she is a vibrant creature, with an immense capacity for enjoyment. Whatever she enjoyed she enjoyed twenty times more than would an ordinary individual."

That Miss Kaelred uses colors as a means of stage expression, the yellow and black tiger lily costume gives evidence. So do the glowing jacqueminot roses she carries in her arms on shipboard.

When she goes on her temptation visit to her victim's library she wears a trailing violet frock, so deeply violet as to be almost

1. Nora Bayes. 2. Ruby Lewis (photo Otto Sarony). 3. Clara de Beers. 4. Elise Hamilton (photo White). 5. Vida Whitmore (photo White). 6. Virginia Marshall (photo Otto Sarony). 7. Edna Chase (photo White)

NORA BAYES AND SOME OF THE SHOW GIRLS IN "THE FOLLIES OF 1909" AT THE NEW YORK ROOF

black. "It is a brilliant color, yet subdued," she explains. "The woman has taste. She has the tastes of a gentlewoman. I try to show this by her violet frock and the black and purple plumed hat she wears in the second act. In the last I have tried to be serpentine. The slip is of green silk. The fine net over it is black. The ornaments, you see, are big gold medallions to suggest the glitter of her manner of life.

"She is brave. That is all that is admirable in her. When she faced the probability of losing all those charms that won her lovers she would meet it bravely, and some night — Pouf!" She blew some imaginary thistledown from her light fingers. "She is gone. Gas or poison? Something of the sort."

Katherine Kaelred came to America by way of Australia. "The Americans are much like the Australians, I think," she said, musingly. "There seems to be in the temperaments of each a strain of French."

"Tell me what you like and what you do not like in America," I urged.

"On the stage I do not like the tendency to suppression of individuality. 'Do it this way,' says the manager, and you must do it this way, not that which he has not thought of, but which may be even better. You have one manager in America who does not suppress, but who encourages individuality. That is David Belasco.

"I do not like the American voice. I meet beautifully gowned women, and there comes from them a voice that sounds like a phonograph. But they dress beautifully. How I envied them when I came first to this country. Envy of their perfect dressing made me quite unhappy. What impressed me, too, was their intelligence. They know something about everything. Their minds are fascinating. The English woman is thoughtful and studious. The French woman is brilliant, and thoughtful, too, when you know her. The American woman is both, but she is also first of all youthful. She looks at everything in a youthful way. She has the enthusiasm of youth. At all ages she has the enthusiasm of youth."

A laugh, careless and mischievous, gave the note of youthfulness in the speaker. "I had forgotten a most important belonging. Americans, both men and women, have beautiful hair. In England I have gone to hairdressers' shops and under my eyelashes looked at the woman in the chair next to mine. Her hair seemed beautiful at first view. But when I looked again most of it was on the table in front of her, and what was left only reached to her shoulders. Here the hair grows long and abundant."

The real woman behind the vampirish creation is young and beautiful and sophisticated. In this she is like unto the creature she has made. But she is unlike in that she has a soul, a seek-

(*Cont'd on page vi*)

FEDERICO CARASA

Young Spanish tenor now appearing at Covent Garden and who is engaged for next season at the Manhattan Opera House. Senor Carasa is here shown as Raoul in "The Huguenots"

# Scenes in "The Midnight Sons" at the Broadway

Photos Hall

Jack (Joseph M. Ratliff) Rose (Norma Brown)

ACT I. SCENE IN THE SHOE STORE. JACK, ROSE AND CHORUS SINGING "THE CYNICAL OWL"

ACT II. ROSE AND CHORUS SINGING "THE LITTLE MARY GARDENERS"

# THE OPEN AIR AMUSEMENT PARK

White, N. Y.

THE PHILIPPINE HEAD HUNTERS AT DREAMLAND, CONEY ISLAND, N. Y.

UNTIL comparatively recent years there was no attempt to organize on a large scale outdoor recreation for the masses. Such as existed was generally confined to field sports or cheap band concerts. The showman of the last generation, in the wildest flights of his imagination, could never have thought possible such colossal open-air enterprises as Luna Park or Dreamland. Calling for the investment of hundreds of thousands of dollars and the employment of thousands of people, these and resorts of the same description are the natural inheritance of the great world-fairs. It was their success at the Buffalo Exposition that induced Thompson and Dundy to build Luna Park, and the huge success of this enterprise prompted Senator Reynolds to follow suit with Dreamland. Amusement parks now exist all over the United States and are generally financed by street railway companies, who reap a harvest in trolley fares.

AERIAL PERFORMANCE AT AN AMUSEMENT PARK IN PORTLAND, ORE.

Practically every city of any size in the United States to-day has its amusement park with an attractive name where the masses at the cost of a trolley ride, with a nickel or dime thrown in, can spend an afternoon or evening and every hour see or hear something different. These resorts might well be called "trolley parks," since so many of them have been designed by shrewd managers of street railway companies to induce the people to go somewhere on the cars after working hours and incidentally swell the company's earnings with their pocket money. When a town is not large enough to provide a trolley park for it alone, if it is on one of the interurban electric railways which are spreading over the country, a place is laid out midway between two towns on the road or convenient to three or four, so that it may be patronized by the residents for twenty miles around.

The number of attractions offered in the amusement park as we know it to-day is simply bewildering. The visitor may see anything from incubator babies to the Johnstown Flood with real water. Huge sums have been spent and the most skilful mechanics engaged to devise shows that will catch the crowd. For instance, at Luna Park we have

OVER THE GREAT DIVIDE AT DREAMLAND, CONEY ISLAND, N. Y.

"The Crack of Doom," with a genuine flood, the Bounding Bell Buoy, the *Merrimac-Monitor* spectacle, the Billiken Temple of Fun, the Mountain Torrent, the Japanese Garden, the Dragon's Gorge, the Burning of the *Prairie Belle*, the Cake Walk, Thompson's Scenic Railway, and "Saved by Wireless," showing the scene in an operating room of an ocean liner. At Dreamland we have "A Night in Paris" with the Moulin Rouge dance, Hell Gate, the Venetian Garden, the Electric Dairy, the Philippine Village with the wild men and head hunters, Bostock's Wild Animals, Captain Sorcho's Deep Sea Diving Outfit, the Human Butterfly, the Rigamarole, the Yale and Harvard Boat Races, the Trip to Wonderland, the Chutes, the Great Divide, Mont Blanc Ride, Venice Canals, the Hippodrome and Creation. In Chicago, where the White City opened on May 15th, the big attraction this year is Henry Lee's "The Destruction of Messina," which feature alone calls for the employment of 150 people.

Ballets and spectacles are another development of the big open-air shows. It is no longer necessary to attend the opera to witness ballets, gorgeously costumed pageants and brilliant tableaux. Such spectacles are now included on the programs of some of the larger parks, and the accompanying photographs illustrate with what elaboration such presentations are made.

With the coming of the trolley park has dawned a new era in American amusements. The concert, the opera, the play, are rapidly increasing in favor as open-air entertainments since they can be produced with such effect that the public prefers them to the cheap, catch-penny side shows and "Midway" diversions on which the parks originally depended for their patronage. When you can see fifty thousand people massed around Damrosch's orchestra or Creatore's band on a Saturday holiday in Philadelphia's Willow Grove, or five thousand listening to the Trolley Opera Company with real tenors and prima donnas in Whalom Theatre on the shore of the beautiful lake in Massachusetts, you are forced to believe that the taste of the "common people" is being elevated.

The design and construction of such amusement resorts as Dreamland and Luna Park cost over a million dollars. Nowhere in the world can the amusement seeker get so much for his money, and such places are really of great public benefit because they have killed the older resorts which were highly objectionable. The same can be said of trolley parks throughout the country, as most of them are so conducted that women and children can frequent them without being accompanied by a male companion and spend a pleasant afternoon or evening without being subjected to annoyance.

DAY ALLEN WILLEY.

1. Oriental dancers at St. Louis. 2. "Midway" at a Western Exposition. 3. Venetian gondoliers on the Pacific Coast

# The Actor in the Street

The street has ever been considered the best place to study humanity in its multifarious manifestations. Balzac spent hours in the streets watching different types of people, which later he portrayed in his novels. Actors also go to the street when studying a new character. Kean went to see a notorious felon hanged in order to catch his dying expression of horror and despair. Garrick drew his conception of Lear from life. Richard Mansfield owed his triumph as the Baron Chevrial to painstaking study of the symptoms of senility gone over with a physician. The actor searches for ideas and types in shops, railroad stations, street cars, boats, everywhere. He finds his man, cultivates his acquaintance, and does not leave him for weeks, while the stranger little suspects that he is a model for a new laughable or tragic creation of the stage

IT was in Paris eight years ago that Mr. Dodson first saw the original of Sir John Cotswold, his part in the laugh-provoking comedy, "The House Next Door." He was visiting friends in the gay city, and their Uncle Henri, a narrow, autocratic old gentleman, formed the basis for the actor's striking character portrayal of the old English martinet.

"When I first met Uncle Henri and greeted him with 'How do you do?'" said Mr. Dodson, "he straightened up, looked over his glasses and replied, 'Don't ask me how I do. I do as I please—the idea, how do I do!' Each morning as the different members of the family or I would greet him with 'Good morning,' or 'It's a nice day, isn't it?' he would be sure to say, 'No, it is a mean, disagreeable morning, a bad day,' in a gruff way distinctly his own. He would always disagree with whoever addressed him, and in the most ferocious tones. Nothing seemed to please him, and he appeared to be always in a fit of anger. My three exits in 'The House Next Door' were taken entirely from old Uncle Henri. A letter came one day to one of his daughters from Madame de S——, and he opened it. There was something in the letter that set him off in a rage, and I'll never forget how he carefully folded up the letter, placed it back in the envelope, and rang for his valet. When the valet entered the room Uncle Henri stiffened up and said: 'Jean, my hat, my cane, my gloves.'

"'Are you going out, Henri?' asked his wife.

"'Going out? No, I am going to sit down and read! What do you suppose I want with my hat, my cane, and my gloves—to play the piano with? I am going to take this letter to Madame de S——, and ask her what she means by asking Louise to attend the opera with her and her daughter. Doesn't she know that I do not like the opera? Then why should my daughter go to the opera!'

J. E. DODSON

"Without another word Uncle Henri turned around, put on his hat, slapped his left arm behind his back and resolutely marched out of the room.

"A similar occasion occurs in 'The House Next Door,' and as Sir John Cotswold is a perfect likeness of Uncle Henri, I substitute the real for the stage character. I am Dodson now, even though I have on Sir John's clothes and hair, even his lines and wrinkles — no, these are not my wrinkles, I am not so old as that! But, a little while ago when I was out there before the audience I was Sir John in the play, and Uncle Henri in life. Uncle Henri's manner of leaving the room that day to go to Madame de S——'s afforded me just the proper exit I needed at the close of the first act.

"Then, Uncle Henri always thought much of his name. To him it meant more than a bank account, and when Sir John starts out in the third act to borrow the money to repay Sir Isaac for his son's musical education, I again recall Uncle Henri's manner of saying, 'My name, sir!' when they ask me what security I can give.

"Before Uncle Henri died he changed, and his gruff and narrow ways passed away—he had finally beaten his own pride and prejudices. So, when Sir John decides to go 'Next Door' he, too, has risen above his old self, and he makes his exit with quiet resolve."

During the Presidential

Falk
As Dr. Penquin in "A Scrap of Paper"

Sarony
As Gunnion in "The Squire"

Copyright Falk
As "Richelieu"

Falk
As "Baron" Croodle in "The Money Spinners"

Copyright Moffett, Chicago

MARIE DRESSLER IN "THE BOY AND THE GIRL" AT THE NEW AMSTERDAM AERIAL GARDENS

Marie Dressler, one of the most popular comediennes on our stage, was born in Canada and went on the stage at the age of 16 in "The Mikado." Her first appearance in New York was in 1882 at the Fifth Avenue Theatre in "The Robber of the Rhine," a comic opera. Later she was seen at the Casino in "Princess Nicotine" and "Girofle-Girofla." Her first substantial hit was in "The Lady Slavey" at the Casino in 1896 and later on when she joined the Joe Weber Company she won her way more completely into public favor

Moffett, Chicago
LAURETTE TAYLOR
Plays the fiancée in "The Great John Ganton" at the Lyric

White
BEATRICE McKAY
In "The Follies of 1909" on the New York Roof

White
ISABELLE D'ARMOND
Appearing as Pomare in "The Beauty Spot" at the Herald Square

campaign last fall Mr. Dodson went several hundred miles to hear William Jennings Bryan speak.

"Mr. Bryan impresses me very much by his ability as an orator, and I think he would have made a very good and, perhaps, a very great actor. In fact, I think him the most striking popular orator I have ever seen or heard. What particularly struck me was his simplicity of gesture. He seems to have only two gestures in general use. At least, they were all he employed on the occasion I speak of, but he makes a great deal of them. One is to throw up the right hand as high as it will go above his head, extending the forefinger, the other to raise both hands and bring them down with the palms outspread, bending his entire body at the knees simultaneously."

When Sir John Cotswold calls upon Sir Isaac Jacobson in the second act of "The House Next Door," Mr. Dodson imitates Mr. Bryan to the life, both in manner of speaking and in gesture. Of course, there is a little difference in the relative sizes of the actor and the orator. But in hearing and watching Mr. Dodson one can readily understand the source of much of his ability to create human types. While talking with Mr. Dodson in his dressing room at the Gaiety a few nights ago he showed me a portfolio of sketches of living men, and of actual incidents, which he has continually at hand, and from which he culls a trait here, a form of expression there, and so builds up a character whose movements are instinct with life, whose speech has the right ring, whose whole entity, in fact, has been evolved much as a composite photograph might have been made.

Mr. Dodson has played so many old men parts that the public imagine that he, too, must be a veteran of veterans. As a matter of fact, he is barely fifty. Speaking of this attitude of the public to confuse rôle and player, Mr. Dodson says:

"I suppose that I ought to feel very much flattered when I hear people talk about 'old Dodson,' and yet somehow it gives me a shock. I ought to feel flattered, because it is a compliment to my acting and also to my make-up. Make-up, by the way, is one of the actor's arts, which scarcely gets as much attention as it ought to, partly, perhaps, because a really good make-up requires lots of study before the outlines are decided upon, and lots of hard work every time the piece is played. For instance, how long do you suppose it takes me to change from John E. Dodson to Sir John Cotswold? Never less than three-quarters of an hour when I hurry most, and more often a good long hour. Take the clothes, too. I was lucky enough to find a tailor who had an old nobleman for a customer who always insisted upon his clothes being exactly the same as they were forty years ago, and he made me a similar suit. There is a great deal of painstaking care in the matter of the wig, of wrinkles, of the teeth and the like. Successful characterization is the result of infinite attention to detail."

In his present play Mr. Dodson wears a wig, which is the result of weeks of study and work with a New York wig maker. It is, as the actor says, "an eloquent wig," and indicates character as definitely as does the dialogue.

"Few persons outside the profession," went on Mr. Dodson, "know what a hard time the conscientious actor has in getting the right sort of a wig. For this very part I had no less than eleven wigs made before I got one that suited me. It was only after I had sent to Paris for and received a photograph of Uncle Henri, that the wig maker succeeded in getting this hair right. A really good wig maker is born, not made. He must have something like a passion for his art. The best one I know is a Londoner, who has been at it all his life, and does remarkable work. His name is Clarkson, and he calls himself 'wig maker to the Queen.' He is quite a character in his way. When he goes to the theatre he sees nothing but wigs. I remember once I happened to meet him the morning after a particularly fine performance of one of Shakespeare's plays in London. Perhaps you know that when we actors put on a wig we obliterate what is known as the 'joint,' the place where the wig and the skin meet, with a little grease paint. I asked my old friend how he had enjoyed the performance. 'It was beautiful—beautiful,' he said. 'You couldn't see a joint.'"

Mr. Dodson has a remarkable collection of wigs, most of them souvenirs of characters he has portrayed. The collection numbers 465 wigs, and every celebrated wig maker in New York, London, Paris and Berlin is represented in the lot. Some of these wigs are of female style, as Mr. Dodson has more than once portrayed feminine characters.

"As the artist in painting must have a model, so the artist in making up should use an every-day type to base his 'study' on, if in a modern play; and, if the character is in a period play, pictures must be used," says Mr. Dodson. "When I played Richelieu in 'Under the Red Robe,' I sent to Paris and London for photographs of the different Richelieu pictures in the Louvre and the National Gallery, and founded my make-up on a composite of these. I had my costume for the part of Richelieu copied after that of Champaigne's painting in the Louvre, and I read all the

ALICE HEGEMAN
Appearing in the musical play "The Top o' the World"

White

EVA FRANCIS
Who is playing Genevieve in "The Candy Shop" at the Knickerbocker

Climo, Halifax

NANCY AVRIL
Leading woman in Stanislaus Stange's new play "Money"

matter possible concerning Richelieu and his days in order to get the proper atmosphere and correct gestures. After I had played Richelieu I received a letter from the director of the Louvre congratulating me on my make-up for the part. The letter said, 'It was like Champaigne's painting come to life.'"

As Dr. Penquin in "A Scrap of Paper," Mr. Dodson made his first appearance in America with the Kendals. Dr. Penquin was an entomologist, very peculiar and eccentric. Before playing the part Mr. Dodson was frequently seen in the Savage Club in London, and there he found a typical bug hunter.

"At the Savage Club I became acquainted with Dr. Tegetmeier, the noted entomologist," said Mr. Dodson. "His dry manner and eccentricities caused me to study him very minutely, and when the time came for me to play the part of a professional bug hunter I very naturally recalled Dr. Tegetmeier as most typical of the part of Dr. Penquin. I even went to Dr. Tegetmeier and borrowed an old suit of his clothes, which I used as long as I played Penquin. I also borrowed one of his butterfly nets, with which I made my first entrance in the garden scene. Of course, I might have found the same peculiar characteristics in a butcher or in a money-lender, but how much better when I actually found a real bug hunter, a noted entomologist, too, upon whom to mold my stage characterization. Oftentimes, an actor is not so fortunate as to find an exact living counterpart to his stage part, and it is necessary to form a composite of many traits and eccentricities seen and observed in many and totally different persons. My John Weatherby in 'Because She Loved Him So,' was a composite portraiture of all kinds of old gentlemen I had seen in different places and under different conditions. Then with Fagan in the special production of 'Oliver Twist' I stuck to Dickens—there was nothing else to do.

"One of the nicest, sweetest parts I ever played was the Rev. Stephen Wynn in 'John a' Dreams.' The part was that of an old-fashioned Church of England clergyman, a Christian at heart, not a Christian by veneer only. While I was at school, in Oberlin College, near London, I often spent from Saturday to Monday with an old friend of the family, the Rev. Dr. Hurst. He, too, was a Church of England clergyman, and a real Christian. When the time came for me to play such a character I went back to my old visits with Dr. Hurst, and fitted his characteristics into my portraiture of the Rev. Stephen Wynn. Dr. Hurst had a slightly roguish way with him that was catching in a clergyman, and I imitated it as best I could. I also copied his way of standing half on one foot, and when walking allowing that foot to drag a little. I also held my hands in the same manner as did Dr. Hurst, with the palms open most of the time. I know that all those apparently little points were noticeable, and that they helped mightily to build up the part, from different words of praise I received at the time.

"In 'Kleptomania' I played another English clergyman type, a Cambridge professor, but he was a prig, a pedant. I did not have to look far for a model, and having seen so many of them in real life it was easy to act one on the stage.

"The actor's physical peculiarities have to be considered as well as the type to be represented, and the idiosyncrasies of the particular character. The nose is a very essential item. I think an immense amount of character is expressed by the nose. Each kind of nose tells its own story, and so in creating a character make-up I always endeavor to model a nose that will, as it were, give the right accent to the face. In the original production of 'Turned Up' at Glasgow I created the part of Caraway Bones, a bibulous undertaker, which was afterwards played in this country by Nat Goodwin. For this part I wore a carefully modeled nose, somewhat long and drooping over the upper lip. I had seen an old drunken undertaker in the North of England with just such a nose, and I not only modeled the nose after his, but I built up my whole character of Caraway Bones from him. At the end of the second act I had to fall head-first through the thatched roof of a summer house, and as I did this the thatch caught the point of my nose and loosened it. The audience insisted on a call, and I had to readjust the nose hastily and rush before the curtain. I had no sooner reached my dressing room than the manager of the theatre came in delighted at the success of the play, and kept me in an animated conversation until I was called for the next act. I hurried on the stage, but I had forgotten to secure the nose. In this last act Caraway Bones has a quarrel with Captain Medway, an irascible sailor, who has to take Bones by the shoulders and shake him violently till his head wobbles backward and forward. This was too much for my already loosened nose, and about the third shake it flew off and up over the top of my head. The audience roared. Fortunately, it was a farce.

"It is possible with care and long practice to model a nose in such a manner as to get the finest and most minute effects to deceive the most careful observer. Some years ago I was playing Dicey Morris, the Jew in 'After Dark.' I made a nose to suit the part. One night I was sent for by a Jewish gentleman who wished to meet me. I divested myself of my make-up and went up to him, saying, 'Well, sir, I am Dodson, what can I do for you?' He replied, 'I want Mr. Dodson, the actor.' 'But I am

he.' 'No, no,' rejoined the Jew, placing his finger upon his nose, 'he is one of us.'

"Soon after I entered the dramatic profession I met J. W. Toole, then the most prominent comedian on the English stage. Something I did attracted his attention, and he was kind enough to give me some advice.

"'Don't make up so much,' he said, 'let 'em see plenty of Dodson, so that they'll know you. When I come on,' he added, 'I like to have them recognize me and say, "Here comes Johnny Toole,"' but I couldn't quite see my way to follow his advice in this respect. I prefer recognition for the character I am playing.

While studying the title rôle in Pinero's "The Magistrate" several years ago, Mr. Dodson went every day to the Vine Street Police Court in the west of London and watched the manner and actions of the presiding magistrate.

"He was a bland, ingenious old man," said Mr. Dodson, "and his decisive, yet calm and dignified manner, coupled with an evident inner warmness of heart that would at times glow through his outer severity, gave me just the touches I needed to build up my part. Those visits to the old Vine Street Police Court interested me greatly. I know of no better place to study human nature than a police court."

Mr. Dodson is not one of those stars who forget that there is any world beyond the footlights, and that fact is one of the secrets of his breadth of style and of his uncommon variety. I was surprised to hear him recite the workings of not only the police courts in London and in different cities of America, but of the higher criminal courts. Mr. Dodson has played some two hundred rôles in his career, and each has been sharply differentiated. In his knowledge of the types and characters of everyday life in their vast and complex variety he is a veritable Daniel DeFoe of the stage. Mr. Dodson systematically gets out of the theatrical atmosphere, and one meets his friends in this and other big cities in walks of life which do not lead to the stage door.

MLLE. ANNA PAWLOWA
A charming continental dancer, who has been appearing at the Riviera in a series of new dances during the past few months

Ellen Terry in her Memoirs writes: "I have never known anyone associated with 'Doddy' who has not felt a deep and abiding affection for his fine character and a generous admiration for his wonderful artistry in character drawing. Sir Henry Irving, who is assuredly not given to light praise, called Mr. Dodson 'the British Coquelin'."

When Mr. Dodson played Pierre in the all-star revival of "The Two Orphans" a few years ago he went down to Rivington and Clinton streets to the little frame house on the northwest corner, which was the home of "Mother" Frederica Mandelbaum—"Queen of the Crooks"—who was finally driven from New York in 1884. Mr. Dodson went to this old house for the necessary atmosphere for the play, and to mingle with the people of the neighborhood for traits of personality. It will be remembered that Mrs. Wilkins in the first production of "The Two Orphans" many years ago copied her part of Frochard after "Mother Mandelbaum."

Simonides, Mr. Dodson's part in "Ben Hur," in real life greeted the actor on board a P. and O. liner on the Mediterranean. The living counterpart to Simonides, in so far as outward appearance went, was a Greek or Assyrian cavalry officer, who was returning from a visit to gay Paree, and had taken the same boat with Mr. Dodson. Mr. Dodson's Wandering Jew in "The Prince of India" was picked up in much the same way, while going up the Nile.

In the true sense of the word, Mr. Dodson "gets under the skin" of a part.

WENDELL PHILLIPS DODGE.

White OLIVE TEMPLE
Lately seen in "The Goddess of Reason" at Daly's Theatre

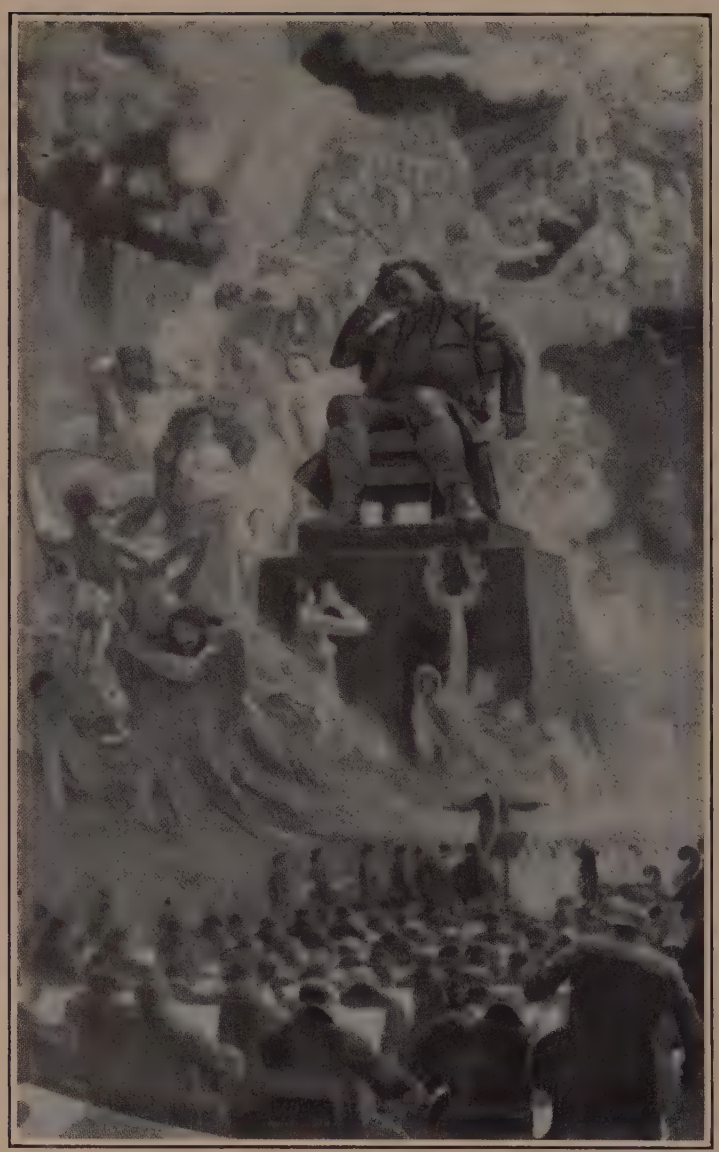
RUTH CHESTER
Playing Lady Cotswold in "The House Next Door" at the Gaiety Theatre

White BEATRICE PRENTICE
Engaged by Henry B. Harris for a rôle in "On the Eve"

Photo Sarony, N. Y.

ISABEL IRVING

This well-known and favorite actress, who was seen recently as the mother in Percy MacKaye's play "Mater," will appear next season in a new play under the management of Charles Frohman. She is at present in London. Miss Irving first appeared on the stage with Rosina Vokes in the season of 1889. She became a member of Augustin Daly's company, remaining with that manager several years. Later she became leading woman at the old Lyceum, succeeding Georgia Cayvan. Then she was leading woman with John Drew, and after that starred two seasons in "The Crisis," under the management of James K. Hackett and later under the management of Messrs. Liebler & Company in "Susan in Search of a Husband"



From London *Sketch*

M. JEAN PAUL LAURENS' BEETHOVEN PICTURE

The coming production of René Fauchois' drama "Beethoven" at the New Theatre gives additional interest to the above picture by Jean Paul Laurens, which was the sensation of last year's Salon. The Paris correspondent of the *Telegraph* referred to the picture in the following terms: "Below an orchestra plays in more or less natural lighting. But the colossal Beethoven on a pedestal, rising behind to the top of the canvas, is entirely painted in cold blues, and the troop of scores of figures circling round him grow whiter and chillier as they soar, until, at the summit, they reach what look like green glaciers—perhaps symbolizing the loftiest heights of Beethoven's genius"

# Suping with Nethersole

IT was many years ago when, for the first and last time, I trod the boards as a super in a professional production, but the events of that night are still firmly fixed in my memory. It came about in this manner. Miss Nethersole was to appear in "Carmen" for a one-night stand in my native city, and as a dozen supernumeries were required for this play, her stage manager was sent on in advance to secure them. Now it so happened that six of these extra people had to be females, and girl supers are hard to find. After a diligent search, however, the manager found half a dozen young ladies who had recently taken part in some amateur play, and who wished to see what the real thing was like. They agreed to go on, but positively refused to appear in connection with the rough looking supes that had already been secured for the male parts, so six of their men friends were selected to hold down the boards with them. I chanced to know one of the girls, and at her request was duly enrolled as a member of the "supporting company."

The first thing that the manager did was to call a super's rehearsal for the afternoon preceding the performance. When we were all assembled upon the bare stage of the theatre, he didn't waste any time haranguing us about dramatic art, but got right down to business at once. We were all given numbers and variously cast as soldiers, smugglers, cigarette makers, etc., according to the needs of the different acts. The first scene, we were told, represented a public square with a guard house on one side, a cigarette factory on the other, and an arched bridge at the rear. Chairs placed in couples indicated the entrances to these imposing, but at that time invisible, structures. As I had some knowledge of military drill, I was selected for the position of sentry, and with a broom handle for a spear, was set to work pacing back and forth in front of the guard house. The others were picturesquely grouped about the stage, and it was explained to us that these were the positions in which we were to be "discovered at rise." After rehearsing that picture a number of times, we were then given our cues for entrances and exits according to acts, and told what to do in the various situations in which we would be on. We rehearsed these things for a couple of hours and were then dismissed, with a warning to be on hand promptly at seven o'clock. This warning was entirely unnecessary, for most of us were at the theatre soon after six.

It was a dreary time that we poor supers had waiting for some one to show up, and getting more and more nervous as we thought of the "tremendous responsibility" which the awesome director had assured us rested upon our shoulders. We talked together in whispers, tried vainly to remember our cues, and wondered if we would really have the nerve to carry it through, or whether we would break down entirely and disgrace ourselves forever. Altogether, we were as scared a lot of kids as ever assembled in a theatre. We had thought that acting would be fun, but somehow, at this hour, it did not strike us as being at all amusing.

About seven o'clock the wardrobe mistress arrived, our costumes—done up in big bundles—were issued to us, and we were assigned dressing rooms. Two other fellows and myself crowded into a little room having a couple of small mirrors, a washstand and a chair, and here we proceeded to transform ourselves into soldiers or peasants, according to the instructions which we had previously received. I cannot say that the uniform which I received was an accurate fit, but I put some paper around the inner band of my helmet, threw out my chest, and walked down stairs to have my face made up and receive my spear. According to the bill I was a Spanish soldier, but my feelings told me that I had been most incorrectly labeled.

When the overture began, the manager bustled us out on to the stage, saw that we took our proper stations, warned such of us as were cast as soldiers not to stick our spears through the stone bridge when we marched off under its archway, and told us all to "buck up and not look so scared." Two or three of the regular actors now joined us, and the scene was ready. After what seemed to me like hours, the music ceased, the lights went up, and the curtain rose. Never shall I forget that first moment when I gazed out into that vast cavern of semi-darkness and dimly saw the mass of humanity which it contained. Talk about the "fierce light that beats around a throne," I felt that it could be nothing to the glare in which I stood. For a second or two everything seemed to go round and round, and then, down in the front row, I saw the grinning face of a man that I knew, and my pride came to the rescue and the floor was once more level beneath my feet.

Remembering my duties, I grasped my spear firmly and began to pace my beat. Strangely enough all nervousness had now left me, and I was able to follow the lines of the play while waiting for the sound of the bugle, which was to be my first cue. Presently it came, the other members of the guard fell in on my left, and under the command of a sergeant we marcheff off, some of us being awkward enough to carry away pieces of the bridge on our spear points as we exited under its archway. Once out of sight, we gave our warlike weapons to the property-man and rushed for our dressing rooms, from which we presently emerged as light-hearted peasants. The girls had meanwhile gone into the factory with Carmen, after she had forced her acquaintance upon the worthy corporal, whose downfall she was so speedily to cause.

Suddenly a scream was heard, and they all rushed out, one of

Byron, N. Y.

TRAINING A CROWD OF SUPERS FOR MAUDE ADAMS' HISTORICAL PRODUCTION, "JOAN OF ARC"

them with a bleeding face. This was our cue to get busy, and we male supers swarmed in upon the stage demanding the arrest of the woman who had done this thing. After Carmen had been duly secured our services were not needed again until she had escaped and José had been seized in her place. During his exit over the bridge we fought nobly with his guards for a chance to tear him into small pieces, but were fortunately restrained from our deadly purpose by two very much worried imitation soldiers, who crossed their spears in front of us and "at the peril of their lives" saved the prisoner from our clutches. The curtain fell on this scene of riot, and when we heard the burst of applause which followed it, I think that I can safely say that each poor super was firmly convinced that he, or she, was the real thing. We had but scant time, however, in which to enjoy our "triumph," for the voice of the manager sent us scurrying to our rooms.

By the aid of false beards, red shirts, baggy trousers, overlarge boots and slouch hats, my fellow *actors* and myself next transformed ourselves into truly villainous-looking smugglers, while the girls became our equally tough-looking wives. In the next act, after I had smuggled a little contraband merchandise through a convenient hole in the city wall, I was allowed to go to sleep on the side of a mountain, with no other shelter from the raging elements than a blanket that had certainly seen better days. My companions lay scattered around the stage in various recumbent positions, and strangely enough not one of us stirred, although the heavens raged in warfare around us. After Miss Nethersole had sought to know her fate in several different ways, and had found nothing but death coming her way, daylight was allowed to break, and our wives—who for some unexplained reason had been absent—joined us and gave us cups of imaginary wine, which we drank heartily. This "wine" must have gone to the heads of some of our number, for shortly afterward they performed an unrehearsed bit of stagecraft which brought down the house. The stage had been set as a smuggler's camp, and near the right first entrance stood a tent, in front of which was an open fire with an iron pot suspended over it by means of a tripod. Our orders were, when a certain line was spoken, to rush to the tent, strike it, and carry it away. We waited eagerly, and presently our cue came. With a bound, every man of us sprang for the tent, but alas! only four of us could find possible occupation in tearing it down. The two other supes fidgeted a moment and then, apparently both struck with the same brilliant idea, rushed for the camp fire. One of them lugged away the tripod and pot, while the other *picked up the fire* and ran off with it, dragging the electric light wire, which caused it, behind him. The audience let out a roar of laughter at the deed of the daring salamander, while the manager, who stood in the wings, emitted a roar of quite another kind.

I thought of this incident when, years afterward, I saw a scared super spoil one of Richard Mansfield's finest scenes. The curtain had fallen upon the star and his leading lady in loving embrace after a scene which the audience had watched with breathless attention. For an instant it remained down and then, in response to vigorous applause, it started to rise again. Now it happened that a luckless super had shortly before gone off on the side of the stage opposite to that upon which his dressing room was located. Being green at the business, it never occurred to him to gain his room by passing in rear of the back drop, so he had stood waiting in the wings for the curtain to come down so that he could cross the stage. No sooner had it been lowered than he started to walk across the stage to his room. He had covered about half the distance when, to his horror, the curtain began to rise again. Mr.

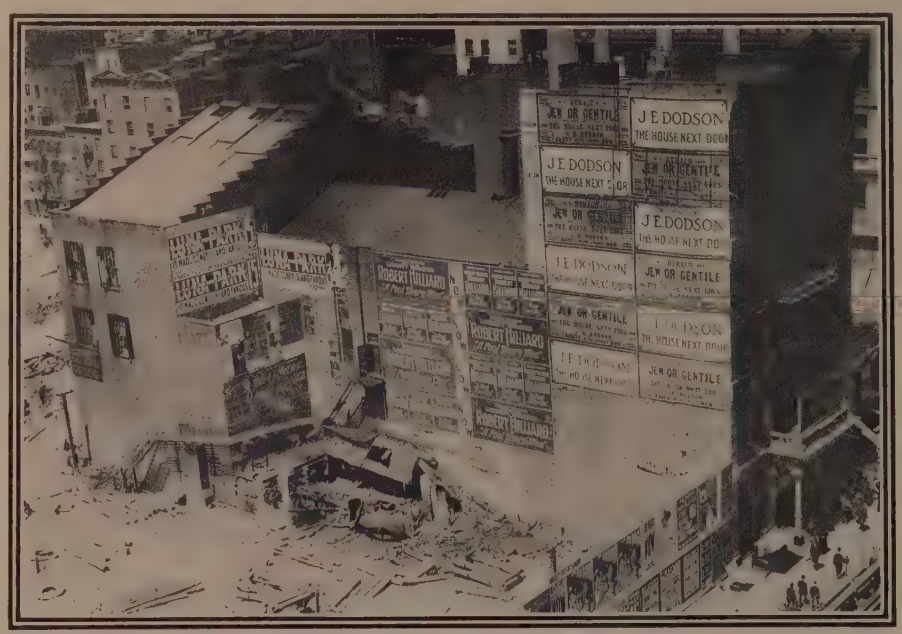
Mansfield and his lady love held their tableau in blissful ignorance of what was transpiring behind them. For an instant the poor, dazed super hesitated as to what course to pursue, and then began to sprint for safety. Viewed from the front it was an inspiring race, with more and more of the runner's pedal extremities coming into view as the curtain gained on him every second. When, with half of his anatomy visible, the super reached the wings, the house was in an uproar, and the effect of Mr. Mansfield's great scene was utterly gone. They say that the runner never stopped, but shot through the stage door like a comet and was seen no more; and it is currently reported that the infuriated star would have "eaten him alive" if he could have caught him.

But to return to Carmen. After we had acquitted ourselves so nobly as smugglers, we were next changed into various nondescript characters, and by the magic art of shifted scenery, transported to the exterior of the bull ring. It was my lot to be cast for the part of a blind beggar, and I remember how proud I felt when, in response to my mumbled request for alms, Miss Nethersole bestowed upon me a circular piece of tin, which was supposed to represent real money. After I had been the recipient of her bounty, a little girl led me off, and I was seen no more, although I still continued to add to the realism of the play by being one of the "voices outside," and crying "Bravo!" whenever an imaginary bull was killed or some other exciting event took place. My "first night," however, soon drew to a close, and after Carmen had been duly stabbed and had died in her lover's arms, I was paid the sum of fifty cents and dismissed; doubtless, as they say in the army, "for the good of the service." FRED GILBERT BLAKESLEE.

# The Passing of the Manhattan Theatre

AFTER thirty-four years of varied experiences, including a fire which burned it to the ground, the Manhattan Theatre has passed out of existence. For two years before its demolition it had been practically defunct, so far as its regular clientèle was concerned, for it had been given up to "moving pictures," at a ten-cent admission.

Curiously enough, the house began and ended its career with entertainment outside of the drama. It was in 1875 that Josh Hart, an old minstrel, who had formerly managed a theatre further down town, decided to build another between Thirty-second and Thirty-third street, on Sixth avenue, although the thoroughfare was called Broadway for theatrical purposes by permission of the city authorities. Ground was broken on May 1, and on October 18 of the same year the theatre was opened under the name of the Eagle. Ex-Judge Dowling was associated with Mr. Hart in the management. The first offer was vaudeville—or variety, as it was called then—and in the bill were such well-known old-timers as Schoolcraft and Coes, Harry Kernell, J. S. Moffitt, W. H. Bartholomew, and others. A burlesque, entitled "Crusoe: or, Friday and the Monkey," was part of the program, and was the first connected play of any kind done on the historic stage.




Paul Thompson, N. Y.

LAST OF THE MANHATTAN THEATRE

At Thirty-third Street and Sixth Avenue, and now being torn down to make room for a department store

Among the famous players who appeared at different times in either the first building or its successor—which, for convenience, are referred to here as one house—were Richard Mansfield, who did Koko, in "The Mikado," Wilton Lackaye, Mrs. Fiske, Grace George, Oliver Doud Byron, Mlle. Aimée, Anna Dickinson, Robson and Crane, Lillian Russell, Annie Pixley, the "Bostonians," Bertha Kalisch, Lottie Collins (who first sang "Ta-ra-ra-boom-de-ay!" between the acts of "Jane," in this house), and dozens of other well-known stars, many of whom are still in the harness.

The first straight drama was "Parted," with Mrs. F. S. Chanfrau as the star, produced on June 5, 1876. Oliver Doud Byron presented his melodrama, "Across the Continent," for the first time in New York on January 23, 1877, and was followed by the dashing, high-kicking Aimée, who had all the Johnnies wild about her, in opera-bouffe—a style of entertainment about which New Yorkers knew little until that time. Anna Dickinson, who once essayed Hamlet for a brief season, appeared in "A Crown of Thorns," following Aimée. Soon afterward Mr. Hart gave up the management, and the theatre was renamed the Standard by its new manager, William Henderson.

The first sensational play produced was "The Clemenceau Case," with Sybil Johnstone in the rôle of the model. Robson and Crane, in "Our Boarding House," had an extended engagement, and then came "Pinafore," for the first time in New York, under the direction of J. C. Duff. He also put on "Fatinitza" and "Princess Toto." Annie Pixley enjoyed a long run for those days in "M'liss," and afterward Lillian Russell appeared in "Billee Taylor," written for her by her husband, Ed Solomon. Among the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas which had their American première in this theatre was "Iolanthe."

The theatre was burned down on the 14th of December, 1883, while Brooks and Dickson were the managers. It was rebuilt within a year, and was reopened on December 23, 1884, under the same name, the Standard, with an adaptation of "A Trip to Africa," which was a big success. "Gaspereone" was produced at the Standard and Thalia simultaneously, for the first time in America, on February 21, 1885. John Stetson managed the house for a few weeks in 1885. The popular light opera, "Dorothy," was first seen here in 1887, running for about a year. J. M. Hill, a very active manager in New York fifteen or twenty years ago, took the Standard on January 25, 1890, and conducted its affairs until May 1, 1893. He produced "Robin Hood" with the Bostonians, September 28, 1891, and later introduced Lottie Collins, who swept like a simoon throughout the land. In 1901 Harrison Grey Fiske took the house and continued to direct its destinies until May 26, 1906. William A. Brady got the theatre again in 1906, opening with Grace George in "Clothes."

Photos Otto Sarony Co.

LEONA WATSON
Who plays Adelina in "The Climax"

EFFINGHAM PINTO
Who plays Pietro in "The Climax"

# Two Clever Youngsters Who Have Charmed Broadway

"I PUT up my piano for fifty dollars to get the money to come to New York. I thought the managers were just waiting for someone like me. I found out they were not."

Miss Leona Watson's mirth gurgled from between gay lips. She is not old enough to have become embittered by unresponsive managers. They were a joke, she was a joke, that segment of life which she has known is a joke, as she turns a laughing backward gaze upon them.

Yet to soberer eyes those were serious times when she was seeking her fortune in New York. The hall bedroom of youth and poverty figured largely in that time. Also figured a lost piano, for she hadn't the money to redeem it, and it went to the purchasers for the fifty dollars that had been advanced for her journey to the Rialto. "Of course, when I get to New York I will get an engagement at once, and it will be easy to pay back the fifty," she had thought. But through the crack beneath the door, where the wintry winds whistled on cold days, a cruel letter was thrust one day. When her unaccustomed eyes and brain had struggled through the jungle of business verbiage she then came upon the fact that the term of awaiting had expired, and the piano had been lost to her beyond redemption.

"And papa paid four hundred and seventy-five dollars for it. Why didn't I get more money on it?" she sighed. "Well, the piano was my bridge. I've burned it. There's no use going home now."

It was characteristic of Miss Watson that she shed no tears over the lost piano, nor the draughty bedroom. Hers are the sort of eyes that burn so brightly with hope that the tears are dried before they are shed.

"But that hall bedroom!" Again she laughed that youthful laugh. "Whenever I speak the line in 'The Climax,' 'Did you ever see a hall bedroom in New York?' I can see that dreadful room. Honestly, there wasn't room enough for me to turn around in it. The rent of the hall bedroom in the play is six dollars a week. I paid three dollars a week for mine."

Leona Watson was born in Lexington, Ky., a little more than twenty years ago. Her family removed to Covington, where she attended the public schools. Later they lived in Cincinnati, where she studied music under private teachers. The beginnings were made thus. Her work was carried forward under Professor de Stephanie of Brooklyn.

"I owe almost everything to Professor de Stephanie. He taught me right breathing," she said.

"And the voice—you came by it honestly?" Again the gurgling, girlish laugh it was pleasant to hear.

"Yes, from my father. He was a business man, but he had a magnificent voice that he only used in choir singing." For the first time the gay face lost its smile. "Father died at sixty-eight. He had been failing for years and had not used his voice much, but while he lay dying it burst forth again in the most wonderful singing. As he lay there upon what was soon to be his deathbed he sang *Nearer, My God, to Thee* and *Rock of Ages* in big, wonderful, round tones. I cannot bear to hear anyone else sing those hymns.

"I always wanted to sing in grand opera. I was small, but my friends told me that that was no obstacle, that other singers had been little and had grown stout, as their voices grew. My first 'chance'—I called it that then—was with the Morton Greaves Opera Company. I was to get forty dollars a week, but I never got anything. That tour was terrible, though it lasted only three weeks. We rode in the cabooses of freight trains. After three weeks we stranded at Fulton, N. Y. The landlord of the hotel gave me fifty cents to put up as a guarantee that the "collect" telegram that I sent home asking mother for fifty dollars would be paid. When the money came I had to cross a river. I can't remember the name of that river, but I would know it anywhere.

A good-natured farmer carried me and my belongings across the river to the station.

"I went home, but I was not cured. O no, I still intended to become a grand opera star. My mother discouraged me, and then it was that I lost my piano in that financial coup of mine. Poor mother! How amazed she was when they sent for the piano.

"I came to New York. That was the era of the hall bedroom. I was engaged at last by the Singsten company. We had a year of one-night stands. Not a season, a solid year. Why, I remember that we left Fort Smith, Ark., one morning at five o'clock and didn't get to the next town, only thirty miles away, until nine that night. There was a wreck between the two towns.

"The next season I joined William G. Stewart. That was a lean season, like the Morton Greaves Opera one. I played with the Shubert companies in 'The Snow Man' and 'The Tourist.' Last season I was with an operatic company in New Orleans. This is my fourth year on the stage, and the first time I have played in New York.

"I had always been in opera until this engagement. It was in New Orleans that my luck turned. A well-known singer was in the company. He was very kind to me. He said, 'What are you doing in this company?' He called himself a 'has been' and said, 'It's all right for me, but not for you.' When we came to New York he introduced me to a great many people, and told others about me. He was a friend of Mr. Edward J. Locke, and Mr. Locke read his play to him. The singer said I was the girl to play Adeline. Mr. Locke read the play to me, and when he had finished I said: 'It is a beautiful play.'"

"'Do you think you can play Adelina?' he said.

"'I'm sure I can,' I answered.

"He looked doubtful. 'There are some scenes that require strong acting,' he remarked.

"'I know it,' I said, 'but I believe I can play them.'

"'Take the part,' said my opera friend. 'It will make you. I tell you it will make you.' I signed, and when, finally, success came, I exclaimed: 'Thank God!' Next season I am to be starred in an opera called, 'The Song of the Soul!'

In the dressing room just beneath, in old Daly's, a swarthy-skinned, round-faced, deep-eyed boy, with thick, curling night-black hair, was tying an orange colored four-in-hand and getting himself into the mental skin of Pietro, the erratic young genius of the play.

"This is my first part," he said, with a laugh as happy and youthful as Miss Watson's. He has an inalienable right to such a laugh, for he is twenty-two, and young for that age.

ANNA HELD AND HER EIGHT-YEAR-OLD DAUGHTER

"But you have had amateur experience?"

"Oh, yes, since I was thirteen years old. And I have committed what in some eyes is another crime against the profession; I was a student in a dramatic school. I had been in Yale for a year and was taken so ill that I couldn't go back. I tried studying interior decoration at Enos', on Fifth Avenue, because my family wished it. I didn't like it and I remained only a few weeks, because illness again interfered. When I recovered I went into a broker's office on Wall Street. Six weeks of that and then again illness. The professions my family had chosen did not agree with me, and I tried that of my own selection. I applied to Alice Fischer for a place in her company. She had nothing for me, but advised me to go to the Academy of Dramatic Arts.

"I went for a year, and found there was so much more there for me that I stayed another year. They gave me a chance to appear in a great many parts.

"I owe a great deal to Charles Jehlinger. He tore me to pieces to find what elements there were in me and put them together in a different way, as they should have been. He was severe, but his teaching was constructive. We would swear at each other on the stage and, as soon as rehearsal was over, be as good friends as ever."

Four generations ago a rich Spaniard, named Pinto, came hither from Spain. His children and grandchildren were wealthy business men of this city. One son was General William Pinto, hero of the Mexican and Civil Wars. A Pinto was one of the original Sons of the Revolution in this city. The actor's mother was one of the prettiest girls in New York society, when, twenty-five years ago, she was Miss May Moore.

"I suspect that my family's ambition was to make me a cotillion leader." The boy cast a roguish glance at his negatively smiling mother.

"They wanted me to marry rich. But I have found a pleasanter occupation."

X. X.

White, N. Y.

BLANCHE RING
Who has made a great hit as Mrs. Carrie Margin in "The Midnight Sons" at the Broadway Theatre

# Some Odd Superstitions of the Stage

PERSONS in all walks of life have a tendency, more or less marked, to attribute their failures to the direct agency of supernatural powers, and their successes to their own eminent abilities; and it is observed that the belief in omens and prognostics is strongest in those callings which possess the element of chance in the largest degree. Gamblers, athletes and actors probably cherish more petty superstitions than the members of all the other professions combined, and in these three vocations will be found the largest number of opportunities for failure. Practically every actor believes his failures are due to some stroke of "hard luck," which has been foreshadowed by some trifling event, and it requires almost constant watchfulness to prevent the manifestation of these ill omens. That is why the peep-hole is always in the center of the drop curtain.

Nearly every actor believes that bad luck will overtake the company if any member thereof should inadvertently peep at the audience from the "wrong side" of the curtain, but there is a lack of unanimity as to the location of the "wrong side." Many of them say it is the side opposite the "prompt side," while just as many more say it is the "prompt side" itself. That no mistake shall be made on account of this uncertainty a little "peep-hole" is made in the center of the curtain through which the performers may satisfy their curiosity. This drop curtain also has a part in other stage superstitions, prognosticating bad luck in several ways. For the drop curtain to "hang" is an almost infallible harbinger of disaster, especially if it "hangs" in going up, and to sit on the roller upon which this curtain is rolled is a warning sign that money with which to pay salaries will not be forthcoming. This danger has been removed to a certain extent, however, by the advent of improved stage machinery. In all but the small "tank-town" theatres, the drop curtain is tacked to a frame which slides up and down in grooves, or is wound about a large drum in the "fly loft," and there is no tempting roller for unthinking actors to sit upon.

In the matter of dress, stage costumes and make-up, the ill omens are almost too numerous to chronicle. Yellow in certain shades is thought to attract the evil spirit, which takes delight in making actors forget their "lines," therefore, vests, hats and neckties of that peculiar shade are religiously avoided. This belief in the power of yellow to attract the evil genii of misfortune has floated over the footlights to the orchestra, where it is as firmly fixed as upon the stage. Few theatregoers can recall having seen a yellow clarinet in the orchestra. Instruments of this color are made in large numbers, but superstitious dread of yellow bars them from the orchestra.

None but the very newest "new beginner" would dare place his shoes upon a chair in his dressing room. According to popular belief among older actors, he might just as well stand in front of a speeding automobile and expect to escape disaster as to hope to outlive the "hoodoo" such carelessness with his shoes is certain to place upon him. Squeaky shoes are not tolerated by managers, but if an actor can get just the smallest little squeak out of his shoes as he is about to make his entrance he will "go on" with a light heart, for it is a sign that he will be well received by the audience.

The make-up box is brimming full of superstitions. To break a stick of black grease-paint in the hand while making-up will bring almost as much bad luck as placing the shoes upon a chair,

Bradley — WILLIAM J. HURLBUT, Author of "The Fighting Hope"

Lawson, N. Y. — PORTER EMERSON BROWNE, Author of "A Fool There Was"

Brady, N. Y. — THOMPSON BUCHANAN, Author of "A Woman's Way"

THREE NEW AMERICAN PLAYWRIGHTS WHO HAVE RECENTLY WON METROPOLITAN SUCCESS

and to use borrowed liquid glue in putting on beards is taking desperate chances with fate. Extreme care must be exercised in putting hair on the face if the favor of the evil genii is desired. In the use of moss hair there is a limit beyond which it is dangerous to venture. The amount of hair to be used varies with different actors, but the quantity once fixed, it is courting failure to use a fraction more or a fraction less. Moss hair, it may be necessary to explain, is the substance used by actors to make whiskers. It is applied directly to the face in small tufts, held on with liquid glue, and then trimmed to the shape desired.

The wig is among the few things connected with the stage that have the power to bring good luck. Many actors wear a wig even when the part does not call for it, simply because they believe it brings them good luck. Cats are also considered harbingers of good luck so long as they keep off the stage during the performance. Bad luck is sure to come if a cat runs across the stage during the performance, and no matter how angry an actor may feel toward the offending feline, he dare not harm it. To kick the cat would bring even greater misfortune.

Some attention is paid to entrances by all actors, whether superstitious or not, but the believer in omens is most careful. He must be careful not to stumble over anything. If he does he is sure to forget his lines or miss a cue. If any part of his clothing catches upon the scenery, misfortune will result, unless the actor immediately retraces his steps and makes a new entrance.

If you number an actor or actress among your friends, and desire to retain his or her friendship, there are three things you positively must not do, especially if the actor is of the old school. Do not whistle in the theatre, do not look over his shoulder into the glass while he is making up, and do not hum the witch's song from "Macbeth." There is nothing that brings bad luck quicker and in larger quantities than whistling in a theatre. Even the managers believe this, and some of them go so far as to warn their employees against committing this offense. Looking into a mirror over the shoulder of an actor while he is making up also brings lots of bad luck, and it is said to come unusually quick. Breaking a mirror does not matter so very much on the stage, but they must not be peeped into over another's shoulder. As for the witch's song from "Macbeth," older actors would almost prefer to lose their salary than go on in "Macbeth" on account of this song. They believe that it casts spells upon the members of the company.

It is also considered bad luck to repeat the last lines of a play during rehearsals, and it is bad luck to change the dress in which a success has been achieved.

B. R. WINSLOW.

White

MAURICE HEGEMAN
In his impersonation of Oscar Hammerstein at the New York

MLLE. LEONORA, DANCER, ACTRESS AND MIME

Now appearing with great success at the Alhambra Theatre in London. Her skit, on the Maud Allan style of posturing, is said to be one of the cleverest things of the kind ever witnessed on the English stage. She is seen, in the above pictures, in a ballet called "Psyche," in which she is associated with Mlle. Britta, a young Danish ballerina of the Genée school

# Working in a Summer Stock Company

"WHAT'S this play all about?"

The new ingenue in the MacIntyre and Burns summer stock company has been rehearsing a "kid" love scene with the juvenile, and it is as she makes a comedy exit, after coyly dodging an attempt to kiss her, that she asks the question.

"What do you want to know for?" growls the leading comedian. "Haven't you enough to do without bothering about the story of the play? Take up your cues when they come, and leave the rest to the stage manager. I don't know what the play's about. No one in a stock company ever does."

"This scene of mine does not seem to belong to the plot," objects the ingenue, humbly.

"Plot be hanged!" explodes the comedian. "Who says there *is* a plot?"

"There usually is—except in a musical comedy. This is a drama, isn't it?"

"Silence!" bellows the stage manager, who is down in the orchestra pit, standing with his hands on the keyboard of the piano and his eyes on the stage. "Now, Mr. Bilson, try that entrance again."

Bilson is the leading man.

"All right," responds Bilson. "But who's to give me my cue?"

"I will, with the piano. Now!"

The stage manager thumps a few bars of *Comin' Thro' the Rye*, and Bilson, who has discarded coat and waistcoat, and is resplendent in a flannel outing shirt and flowing tie, comes on languidly, but in time to the music.

"How's that, Ed?" he asks—for, being the leading man, he can venture to be on familiar terms with the autocrat.

"It'll do. But, for the Lord's sake, remember it to-morrow night."

It is Sunday night now. When you are working in a stock company, you accept Sunday rehearsals as part of the game. There will be a performance of the new piece on Monday afternoon, but that is looked on merely as a dress rehearsal. The first real public presentation, in the eyes of the company, is on Monday evening, and it is then that Bilson must be careful about his entrance.

The ingenue has played in summer stock before, and she knows all this. She also knows that she must learn a new part each week while playing another, and that rehearsals are conducted usually in a more or less haphazard fashion, with the manager breaking in on his supervision of the actors at frequent intervals to give directions to the mechanics at the back of the footlights. This particular rehearsal goes on something like this:

Says the stage manager to the leading lady, who is in the midst of an agony scene: "That line must be given with more emotion, Miss Ellis. Listen to me, and watch my gestures."

He throws himself into an imploring attitude, with as much passionate femininity as he can assume, and declaims: "It is the last despairing cry of my tortured soul with which I plead for a—Moon, I tell you! Moon!"

The demand for the moon is yelled at the electrician, in anything but a feminine tone, as that functionary boggles with his apparatus in the flies.

"All right, Mr. Hoffman. Here's your moon," responds the electrician, sending the full force of a calcium in the comedian's face, and making him blink.

"No! Confound it! No! Get it over here, on Miss Ellis," raves Hoffman. Then, as the luminary obediently sheds its grateful light on the leading lady, he adds, not quite so violently: "That'll do. Shut it off now. But remember where it's to be to-morrow."

"O. K.," answers the electrician, cheerfully.

The yelling has not disturbed him in the least. In a stock company everyone is used to the stage manager conducting his end of most conversations like a bull of Bashan.

"Now, Miss Ellis, try that speech again."

"Very well, Mr. Hoffman. 'It is the last despairing cry——' "

"I can't get no clam shells nowhere."

This comes in a squeak from the property man, as he strolls out of the wings and confronts the stage manager.

"Go on, Miss Ellis. 'My tortured soul——' You must get clam shells for that first act, Dan. I've got to have them."

"My tortured soul," intones Miss Ellis, solemnly, "with which I plead for——"

"Oyster shells. Won't they do?" blurts out "Props."

Mr. Hoffman clenches his fists and says something below his breath, adding aloud: "They'll have to do, I suppose. I never heard of a town without clam shells before, even on a Sunday. All right, Dan. Get the oyster shells." Then, to Miss Ellis and Bilson, who are doing their strong third-act scene, which includes the "tortured soul" speech, he says: "Keep on. I can hear you," and runs down the short stepladder from the stage to the orchestra to speak to the manager of the house, who is watching the rehearsal from a rear seat.

"How's it going, Hoffman?" asks the manager, indifferently—for the stage manager alone is responsible for the production of the plays, and it is no one else's business.

"Rotten," replies Hoffman.

"What's the trouble?"

"You've broken my heart. That's all."

This does not come from Hoffman, however, but from Bilson, who hurls the statement with bitter irony at Miss Ellis as part of their scene.

"My actors don't seem to get inside their parts, somehow," grumbles Hoffman, but evidently only for the sake of having something to say.

"Why didn't you get a new bunch, then?" growls the manager.

"It wouldn't do any good. Besides, these people are all up in most of the old pieces we do, and they get a pretty good hold on the new ones, too."

"I see."

And the manager *does* see. Hoffman has only been blowing off steam. In his heart, he believes he has a capital company. That is the way with "summer stock" stage managers, nine times in ten.

"I guess everything is going hunky-dory," remarks the manager, after a pause. "Scenery all right?"

"Fine!" answers Hoffman, enthusiastically. "I'll show you a set in the third act that'll knock your eye out. You see that ivory and gold ballroom? Well, I'm using that, and I've had Limmer busy on the paint-bridge for three days making a stained-glass window for it that's a peach. It'll be simply gorgeous."

"Good! Then you think we'll have a fair performance?" asks the other, calmly, lighting a cigarette.

"Yes, *sir!* It may go a little rocky to-morrow, but by Tuesday night, when they are doing it for the fourth time, they'll all be easy in their parts, and I wouldn't be ashamed of it in New York."

"How's the new ingenue?"

"I think she'll do. I gave her that part on Friday, and she showed up Saturday almost letter-perfect. Of course, she had nothing to do but to study. I'll know more about her by next Sunday, when she has been playing every day and getting up her part for next week at the same time."

The alert Hoffman has been watching the stage while talking, and now shouts suddenly at the ingenue: "Get off that chair while you speak that line; I told you to be standing on the mantelpiece when you said 'I'll call papa,' didn't I?"

"On the mantelpiece?" echoes the ingenue, demurely, as she rises and walks toward the fireplace, without showing any surprise at being told to stand on a rickety shelf, five inches wide and six feet from the floor. Her experience in stock companies has taught her not to be disturbed by any order from the stage manager.

"No!" he roars, as he gallops down the aisle to the stage. "I didn't mean that, of course. Stand *by* the mantelpiece, not *on* it."

The ingenue takes the required position and looks inquiringly at him, without comment. Keeping her tongue discreetly still is another thing stock work has taught her.

"That's right. So! Now, Mr. Lightfoot," to the juvenile, "Go on with the scene, and, for heaven's sake, put some ginger into it."

So the rehearsal goes on, until, about midnight, Hoffman dismisses the company, and immediately plunges untiringly into an argument with the scenic artist, carpenter, electrician and "Props," about the proper placing and lighting up of his pet effect, the stained-glass window.

The ingenue, under the protecting wing of the gruff comedian, walks to her hotel, six blocks away, where most of the company are living, and glad she is to get to her own room and lock herself

(*Continued on page xviii*)

ROYALTY ACTING UPON A PUBLIC STAGE

Performance of "The Sleeping Beauty" given recently for a benefit in Bucharest, Roumania, by the members of the royal family. Crown Princess Marie and Prince Lohavary occupy the center of the stage. The child's rôle is taken by little Princess Elizabeth of Roumania. The ladies of the court assume the rôles of the witch and similar parts

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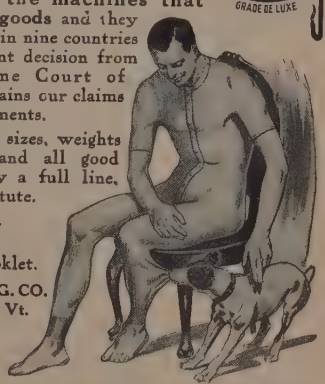

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## A Vampire Woman

(Continued from page 16)

ing, craving soul, that has had adventures among the religions of the world and found its goal in a personal philosophy.

"I used to be tortured when I was a little girl by the thought that God saw everything I did. I was miserable because I was sure that when I fell asleep in Sunday-school, or stole jam, or told a fib He saw to the very bottom of my wicked nature. Your clever American woman, Edith Ellis, told me that she had the same idea and suffered the same torture when she was a little girl, and one day she overturned a big empty soap kettle and climbed under it and said: 'Now that mean, prying old God won't see me.'

"This thought of a policeman-God tormented me, and as I traveled in many parts of the world I sought a religion of a deeper and finer sort. It came in a personal philosophy. The will is master and we are masters of our will. Whatever we will shall be. I have found that truth. What is success? It is getting nearer and nearer truth in your work. People recognize that you are near the truth and they reward you. I want success as we commonly speak of it, but I want to grow into it. I want to feel the intellectual and spiritual growth within me."

This was the real woman, a far cry from the vampire. ADA PATTERSON.


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### New Theatre Boxholders

Winthrop Ames, director of the New York Theatre, has announced the names of the boxholders for the regular subscription performances of the New Theatre, which will probably open about November 1. There are twenty-three boxes in all, and the holders will be entitled to the seats alternately for the performances on Tuesday, Wednesday and Friday nights and at Wednesday and Thursday matinées. The list is as follows:

1—Alexander S. Cochran, Henry Walters, William A. Read.
2—Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, Jr., Henry Clews, James B. Clews, George L. Rives, Stephen H. Olin.
3—Hamilton McK. Twombly, Miss Dorothy Whitney, George W. Perkins.
4—Adrian Iselin, Jr., Columbus O'Donnell Iselin, Clarence H. Mackay, A. D. Juilliard.
5—Robert B. Van Cortlandt, Hamilton F. Kean, E. S. Harkness, Alvin W. Krech.
6—Henry Payne Whitney, Cortlandt F. Bishop, Orme Wilson, J. H. Harding.
7—J. Pierpont Morgan, R. M. Thompson.
8—William K. Vanderbilt, W. F. Sheehan.
9—George F. Baker, William Barbour, Frank A. Munsey, Ralph Ellis, Francis K. Pendleton.
10—Otto H. Kahn, Henry K. Frick, S. H. Valentine.
11—Henry R. and Moses Taylor, Jacob H. Schiff, F. A. Vanderlip.
12—Paul D. Cravath, W. de L. Kountze, Henry Rogers Winthrop, Hiram W. Sibley, R. S. Brewster, C. S. Sampson.
13—George S. Brewster, Oliver G. Jennings, H. F. Dimock.
14—Archer M. Huntington, John Jacob Astor, J. J. Wysong.
15—E. H. Harriman, William S. Webb, Lispenard Stewart.
16—P. A. B. Widener, August Belmont, W. G. Roelker.
17—Cornelius Vanderbilt, Edmund L. Baylies, Whitney Warren, Nelson Robinson.
18—Mrs. Daniel S. Lamont, Arthur C. James, Elbert H. Gary, F. W. Whitridge.
19—Walter G. Oakman, George J. Gould, E. F. Hyde.
20—James W. Gerard, E. F. Berwind, Paul Morton, C. I. Hudson.
21—Daniel Guggenheim, James Speyer, Samuel T. Peters.
22—Mrs. Charles B. Alexander, Miss Jennie Crocker, Charles T. Crocker, John Magee, J. M. Ellsworth, Philip M. Lydig, William L. Bull.
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## New Dramatic Books

THE PLAYHOUSE AND THE PLAY. By Percy Mackaye. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1909. $1.25 net.

This volume is made up of addresses delivered by the author at colleges and on various occasions and articles reprinted from magazines. Mr. Mackaye particularly considers the playhouse and the play, the drama of democracy, the dramatist as citizen, self-expression and the American drama, and art and democracy. In detached passages Mr. Mackaye often expresses definite and practical ideas, and makes some searching analyses of conditions, but, to be entirely frank, with a full appreciation of his many splendid qualities, Mr. Mackaye, for the most part, is simply beautifully sonorous, wholly indefinite, and up in the clouds. He preaches and proclaims a new development of dramatic art, but he does not define it. He predicts a theatre of the people, in which a fine art shall be national and intelligible to democracy, but he does not tell what that art is going to be. He very beautifully describes some of the conditions of the land, physical and geographical, as well as spiritual. He predicts a great drama, but does not tell wherein it shall be different from the drama of all ages. Greece had a national drama, such a part of the life of the people that when an actor misapplied an accent, the vast audience would arise to a man in remonstrance. Mr. Mackaye's theatre of accents will never be realized. A national theatre, subsidized by the State, to which the whole people will resort, in unity of intelligence and spirit, is an iridescent word-dream. Mr. Mackaye is a master of brilliant expression, and his book will be read. He undoubtedly writes with the authority of style, of which the following is an example: "One the boards of its theatre the spirit of Comedy shall be master, and shift with twinkling eyes his tragic masks. There not merely the sad aspiring of a race shall speak in beauty; huge Satire and the vast guffaw of Folly will chant harmonious; while Wit, twanging a lightning bow of verse, will rattle his barbs of melodious mockery; and Reason, standing in the wings, will smile his sweet, serene smile philosophical. Thus shall that Comic Spirit, which is twin of the American Spirit, be lifted to the large plane of fine art, and illuminating the average American to himself raise thereby his mirth to a finer dignity. With the new drama of Democracy, then, will arise a divergent dramatic technique, a native appeal and message, a new and nobler art of impersonation, and—above all—to administer and develop its vast function, a new theatrical institution, with basic liberty and permanent security for its growth. Manifestly, all these things are not as yet; the drama as a popular fine art does not exist; existing conditions cannot foster it; actors of to-day are not schooled to interpret it; the modern public does not demand it. These are the easy comments of the observer of things as they are. To whom the observer of things as they may well be, shall reply: Of course, the drama as a popular fine art does not exist; of course, existing conditions cannot foster it; of course, actors are not schooled to it; of course, the public does not demand it. Since, however, we have clearly beheld the vision of such a drama, and seen that it is beautiful, and since all those things which are not yet are necessary for the embodiment of that vision, of course, therefore, we will create them, and those things shall be."


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THE AMERICAN STAGE OF TO-DAY. By Walter Prichard Eaton. Boston: Small, Maynard & Company. $1.50 net.

This volume is largely made up of reviews of plays written by Mr. Eaton in his former capacity of dramatic critic for the New York *Sun*. Of course, a detailed record of the multitude of plays produced, from year to year, would not be worth the while, and, indeed, the usual criticism is of such evanescent interest and importance that a republication of much of it would be an offense. However, a reviewer of plays might in his work of a single season convey a well-rounded philosophy concerning the stage. He can discern and describe the tendencies of the hour. If he applies himself in his observations and analyses to the vital things and not to the trivial things, the result may be well worth the while. In one of his chapters Mr. Eaton is disposed to be apologetic for the publication of his criticisms. He may be assured that he has committed no offense. Lessing's *Hambuergische Dramatische Blaetter* covered a short period only of


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the great critic's observations. We do not mean by this to draw any comparison, but only to justify publications of this kind. On the other hand, we do not urge permanency for any large part of the word-mongering about the stage to be found in all newspapers, morning and evening, with their additional observations, ratiocinations and criticisms on Sundays. Certainly a criticism has value when it is made on a living performance and written out under the enthusiasm or disapproval of the moment; but there is a disadvantage in a certain lack of proportion in opinions expressed in such circumstances. It is extremely difficult for any critic to give the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth about any play. The personal equation may cause disproportion. It is not at all likely that in twenty years from now any critic would be "almost tempted to say," in discussing "The Great Divide," that "no other American play has found the soul," and that, "in this soul-drama externals are burned away, and primal things, becoming naked, become decent, become wonderful." Mr. Eaton praises with more ease than he blames. It is fair to say, however, that what he writes may be found agreeable reading to others than the authors of these plays. Mr. Eaton writes well, with fulness of knowledge and with philosophic judgment, usually precise and just, at other times under impulse and erringly. The period covered is the season of 1907 and 1908. Some of the plays considered are "The Witching Hour," "Paid in Full," "Sappho and Phaon," "The Jesters," "The Evangelist," "The Servant in the House," several Ibsen plays, "The Comet," "The Secret Orchard," "The Warrens of Virginia," "The Honor of the Family," "Father and the Boys," besides a few plays of more or less interest and importance. A number of the chapters are not criticisms of single plays, but are essays of an interesting character.

### New Operas to Be Heard Here

The operatic novelties promised at the Metropolitan Opera House next season include "Le Chemineau," by Xavier Leroux, adapted from the play of Jean Richepin, which was produced as "The Harvester" by Otis Skinner at the Lyric Theatre; "Ariane et Barbe Bleue," by Paul Dukas, and based on Maeterlinck's play of the same name; "La Vie d'un Poëte," by Gustav Charpentier, which is a continuation of the story of "Louise"; "La Légende de Tristan," a new Tristan opera by Claude Debussy, and two short operas by the same composer, "La Chute de la Maison Usher" and "Le Diable dans le Belfori." French works announced last season but not produced are "L'Attaque du Moulin," by Alfred Bruneau, and "La Habanera," by Raoul Laparra.

Other novelties are to be "Pique Dame," by Tschaikowsky and "King's Children," by Engelbert Humperdinck. Miss Farrar and Carl Jörn will have the leading rôles.

Signor Toscanini is also to make his principal Wagnerian production "Lohengrin."

### Strange Things Left in a Theatre

After every performance in a theatre the ushers carefully go through the house and pick up articles that have been left by their owners. These articles are delivered to the box-office man who holds them until they are called for. An inspection of the lost articles gathered up after a matinée at the Hudson Theatre recently, disclosed the following: 16 hatpins, 3 pocketbooks, 1 wedding ring, 52 hairpins of all sorts and descriptions, 17 handkerchiefs, one Bible, one Guide to Health by Mrs. Eddy, three popular novels, an accident life insurance policy, a bankbook, 5 stenographers' notebooks, 2 umbrellas, one manuscript of a play, two pairs of opera glasses, one pair of gloves, six odd gloves, one fur muff, 3 pairs of rubbers, and strangest of all a lady's hat.


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### Massenet's "Bacchus" Heard

Massenet's "Bacchus," the libretto of which was one of the late Catulle Mendes, was produced at the Opéra on May 5 last. The theme of the opera, the conquest of the Indies by the god, offers, says the Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, great scope for Oriental color in the stage pictures and orchestration. Although not likely to add greatly to the glory of the composer of "Manon" and "Le Jongleur," the score bears everywhere the imprint of his genius for scenic music. There are several excellent passages, especially in the fourth act. Lucien Muratore, as Bacchus, sang with intelligence and artistic effect. Mme. Breval was magnificent in the pathetic part of Ariana. The scenic effects and ballet were worthy the traditions of the house.

## Old and New Plays

(Continued from page 4)

Academy of Music to the doors for the last three weeks of the season. The Bard as an attraction would seem to be vindicated. Shakespeare can almost cry him quits with Clyde Fitch or J. M. Barrie. The artistic jointure once more of Marlowe and Sothern gave real and valuable enjoyment to the public. "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "The Merchant of Venice," "Twelfth Night" and "The Taming of the Shrew" projected them in characters that displayed to the full the earnest artistry of their purpose and the skilled intelligence of their execution. Sothern's thoughtful Prince of Denmark, careful Shylock, admirable Malvolio and dashing Petruchio were splendidly set forth by the witching tenderness of Marlowe's Ophelia, the depth and poetry of her Juliet, the grace and archfulness of her Viola, and the dramatic sparkle of her Katharine.

The company gave adequate support. Rowland Buckstone appeared throughout to advantage, while Vincent Sternroyd acted Gratiano with dashing humor and invested Tranio with a comic excellence altogether too rare.

## Queries Answered

*The Editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no addresses furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored henceforth.*

L. U. B., Narberth, Pa.—Q.—Is Affie Warner still on the stage? If so, where is she playing? A.—Not this season to our knowledge. Q.—Please give cast of Lillian Russell's production of "Lady Teazle." A.—Sir Peter Teazle, W. T. Carleton; Sir Oliver Surface, Clarence Handyside; Sir Benjamin Backbite, Augustus Barrett; Sir Harvey Bumper, Jack Taylor; Joseph Surface, Stanley Hawkins; Charles Surface, Van Rensselaer Wheeler; Crabtree, Owen Westford; Careless, Albert Wilder; Mopes, Edmund Lawrence; Snake, John Dunsmore; Trip, Albert McGuckin; Mrs. Candour, Phoebe Coyne; Maria, Elsa Ryan; Mollie, Nellie McCoy; Lady Sneerwell, Lucille Saunders; Lady Teazle, Lillian Russell.

A Satisfied Reader, Chicago, Ill.—Q.—Can you give me the cast of the best production of "The Comedy of Errors"? A.—That would be difficult to decide. A very good and comparatively recent cast was in 1886, as follows: Dromio of Syracuse, Stuart Robson; Dromio of Aephesus, W. H. Crane; Antipholus of Aephesus, William Harris; Antipholus of Syracuse, Clarence Handyside; Solinus, C. H. Riegel; Aegeon, Chas. B. Hanford; Angelo, Henry A. Langdon; Balthazar, Wm. Haworth; Doctor Pinch, Wm. H. Young; Officer, Geo. Clare; Cleon, Chas. Wilton; Adriana, Selina Fetter; Luciana, Kate McKinstry; Phryne, Carrie Reynolds; Aemilia, Annie Douglas; Blousabella, Mrs. F. C. Wells. Q.—Are there any parts a boy of 17 could take in any of the important productions on the road? A.—Often.

A Constant Reader.—Q.—Are you going to publish any pictures of La Petite Adelaide? A.—See August, 1907, issue. Q.—Where is Billie Burke at present? A.—She will be seen in London during the season in "Love Watches," with the same company as in this country. Later she will return to America and make a tour with the piece.

A Chicago Reader.—Q.—Please give short sketch of Henry Woodruff's career. A.—Born in Hartford, Conn. At the age of eight removed with his parents to New York City. A year later made his début in a children's "Pinafore" company, and was for several years in great demand for children's parts. Later he played with Dan. E. Bandmann, Edwin Booth, Adelaide Neilson, then became a member of the Boston Theatre Stock Company. He played Ned the cabin boy in "The Black Flag" for four years with Edwin F. Thorne, Jr. Then joined the Knights in "Baron Rudolphe." Later, a member of A. M. Palmer's Stock Company for four years. In 1891 he played in "A Kentucky Colonel," then in "His Wedding Day," "The Girl I Left Behind Me," "Charley's Aunt," after which he entered Harvard University, remaining for four years, save for a brief intermission when he secured leave of absence to go to London, and play in "Secret Service." Then became a member of the New York Lyceum Stock Company, afterwards supported Anna Held, Nat Goodwin, Frank Daniels, etc. In 1906 he starred in "Brown of Harvard," and continued in it. Q. Who played in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" when Florence Rockwell played Hermia? A.—Bottom, Nat C. Goodwin; Quince, Edmund D. Lyons; Thisbe, Etienne Girardot; Snout, William Sampson; Titania, Katheryn Hutchinson; Oberon, Margaret Crawford; Puck, Lillian Swain, were some of them.

A. W. S.—Q.—Is Ritchie Ling on the stage? What did he play in last winter? A.—He is with Miss Viola Allen in "The White Sister."

L. G. A., Mobile, Ala.—Q.—In what company did Hans Roberts play before he played "Checkers"? A.—In "Liberty Belles."

C. S., Lynchburg, Va.—Q.—Was "The Round Up" presented in Chicago before New York, and with Maclyn Arbuckle in the cast? A.—It was.

A Regular Reader, Denver, Colo.—Q.—Please tell me what you can of Miss Helen Lackaye, the actress. A.—She is a sister of Wilton Lackaye, and is at present playing leading rôles at the Valencia Theatre, Los Angeles.

H. S.—Q.—Kindly tell me something about Charlotte Walker. A.—Miss Walker made her first New York appearance, and what was said to be her stage début shortly after the Galveston flood, with Mr. James K. Hackett, and finally became his leading woman, remaining with him for several seasons. Two years ago she went under the management of David Belasco, and appeared, and is still playing in, "The Warrens of Virginia." She was recently married to Eugene Walter, the playwright. Q.—Where is Gladys Hanson, who played last winter in various rôles with E. H. Sothern? A.—She is still with Mr. Sothern.

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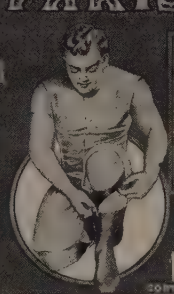

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## Spain's Famous New Tenor

Frederico Carasa, the Spanish tenor, who has been engaged by Oscar Hammerstein for the Manhattan Opera House next season, and a portrait of whom will be found on page 16 of this issue, was born at San Sebastiano, Spain, on January 6, 1888. He is, therefore, only 21 years old.

The circumstances under which he was discovered are interesting. The well-known teacher, Marquis Trabadello, says *Comœdia,* was summering at San Sebastiano three years ago when he happened to hear, at a concert, a soloist whose rich, full, dramatic tenor voice instantly fascinated him. He inquired who the singer was, and sent for him. Frederico Carasa, the tenor in question, told Trabadello that he was studying for the Bar, and that he sang occasionally in concerts to gratify her natural bent for music. Trabadello replied:

"It is a crime to leave such a voice as yours unproductive. With such an organ and the artistic taste you seem to have, a great career is before you. Come with me to Paris, I will teach you to sing and make you famous."

The magic word "Paris" was irresistible. The young man obtained the family consent to relinquish all idea of the law, and went to Paris to study under Trabadello. At the end of two years and a half of hard work the professor judged his pupil ready for the stage. All that was necessary for a triumph was to put him on the boards and let the public hear him. Shortly after this Carasa was engaged for a few performances at Ghent, Belgium, where he sang with great success the leading tenor rôles in "Aïda," "Il Trovatore," and "Les Huguenots." Immediately afterwards he was engaged for Covent Garden, where he sang the rôle of Turiddu in "Cavalleria Rusticana." His reception was such that Oscar Hammerstein, who was in the audience, immediately signed an eight-year contract with the young tenor.


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### Frohman Secures "Chantecler"

Charles Frohman has secured the American rights to Rostand's barnyard play "Chantecler." To a correspondent of the New York *Times* Mr. Frohman said:

"It is a positive fact that at last Rostand's piece will have its first representation in the second week of November at the Porte-Saint-Martin, Paris. I have agreed to be present. When it is produced in America, if successful in Paris, it will be done under conditions different from those attending the presentation of any other play from France. The scenery will all be made at the Porte-Saint-Martin. Duplicate models of costumes will be made in Paris, one set for use there, the other for New York."

The production in America will be under the joint direction of Mr. Frohman and M. Hertz, the manager of Jean Coquelin and the stage manager of the Porte-Saint-Martin. Hertz and Coquelin both have proprietary interests in the piece, and the latter will play in it the rôle of the dog. They intend to take an active part in the management of "Chantecler" in whatever country it is produced, and that will include France, England, Germany, Austria, Australia, and America. At least M. Rostand has received $50,000 for the right of production independent of all royalties.

There is no suggestion of any human being in the play except a glimpse of one running away just as the curtain rises. The piece is in four acts, in which all the parts are those of domestic fowls and quadrupeds. M. Guitry gives up his own theatre to take the rôle of the cock in this piece, while Mme. Simone Le Bargy, who was successful in "The Thief," will play that of his inamorata, the golden pheasant.

The first English translation of the play will be made by Rostand's son. It has not yet been decided who will do the final work, possibly Louis N. Parker, who made the English version of "L'Aiglon" for Maude Adams.

"It was one time in my mind to invite Miss Adams to take the rôle of Chantecler in this piece," said Mr. Frohman, "but, as she has been playing so many rôles and must continue in 'What Every Woman Knows' another year, we returned to the original idea."

## Yiddish Shakespeare Dead

Jacob Gordin, author of the play "Kreutzer Sonata," in which Bertha Kalich and Blanche Walsh both appeared, and who was well known in the New York Ghetto as the "Yiddish Shakespeare," died in this city on June 11 last from cancer. The dramatist had been suffering for some time, but had himself no idea that his ailment was fatal in character. The entire East Side mourned his death. His body reposed in state on a catafalque on the stage of the Thalia Theatre in the Bowery, and twenty thousand persons fought to get a glimpse of the dead playwright.

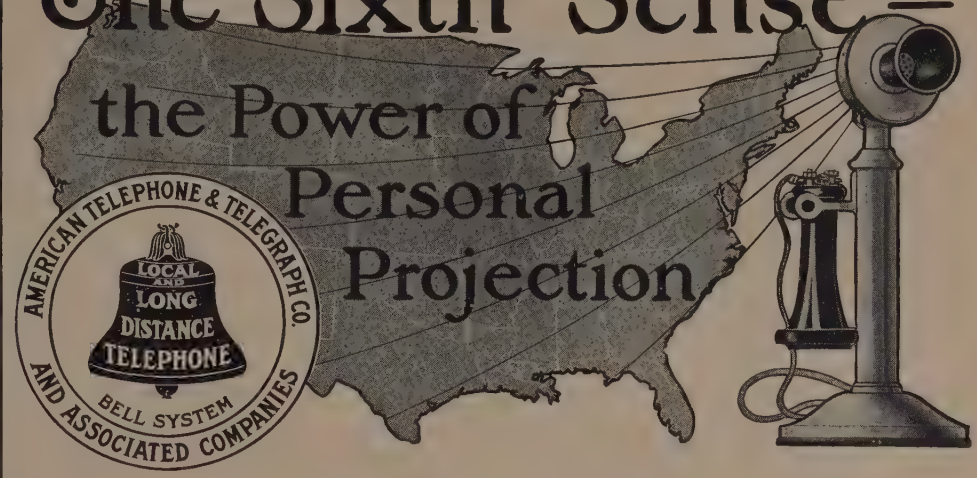
THE LATE JACOB GORDIN

Jacob M. Gordin was the author of more than one hundred dramas and adaptations, most of which were produced in the Jewish theatres in this city. The big Jewish population on the East Side loved him because, better than anyone else, he seemed to understand them. He was born in Russia in 1853, and having received a good education became known as a journalist, editor and essay writer. His outspoken opinions brought him into disfavor with the authorities, and in 1891 he came to America. When he arrived here he found the local Jewish stage in a condition very different from what it is to-day. The Jewish theatrical entertainment was largely a medley of vaudeville and cheap farces. Gordin saw the opportunity for a serious Jewish drama, and with the co-operation of Jacob Adler he presented in 1892 his first play "Siberia." The play was not an immediate success, but little by little the Jewish population recognized that Gordin plays struck the deep note of realism and they flocked to his support, overcoming all opposition. It was a hard struggle for Gordin to make a living, but he triumphed in spite of all obstacles and turned out play after play. Among the best known of his pieces are "The Unknown," "The Jewish Lear," "The Homeless," "On the Mountain," "God, Man and the Devil," "Siberia," "Dementia Americana," "The Truth," "True Power." In most of these plays he dwelt with the problems that confront the Jewish people in America. He also translated for East Side audiences the famous dramas of Tolstoi, Sudermann, Hauptmann, Ibsen and Gorky.

### Victor Talking Machine

Again this month the Victor Talking Machine Company adds valuable records to its remarkable repertory. Mme. Jeanne Gerville-Réache, the French contralto, whose beautiful vocal art won for her instant success at the Manhattan Opera House, contributes Massenet's *My Tears Shall Fall* and Gounod's *Oh, My Immortal Lyre*—these in Red Seal records. Of Mme. Gadski, the distinguished Wagnerian soprano, we have *Jokanaan, I Am Beloved* from Strauss' "Salome." This is the first opportunity to hear on the phonograph this selection from the famous opera. Another admirable record by this same artist is *Dein Werk* from Wagner's "Tristan und Isolde." The many admirers of Anton Van Rooy, the Dutch basso, will be delighted to hear that splendid interpreter's singing of a difficult Wagner aria from "Lohengrin," *Dank, Konig, dir, dass du zu richten kamst!* Among the lighter tunes are two recent successes of that clever comedienne, Clarice Vance, and comic song hits by Harry Lauder and Nat M. Wills.


# The Sixth Sense—the Power of Personal Projection

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# Here and There in the Shops and Some Paris Fashions

THE brains of the creators of fashions in Paris are ever active. Not only is this true, but there is continually being made additions to the list of leading couturières, which serve to keep alive a keen rivalry in artistic fashions. New blood is continually being infused into the old firms, so that they retain all of their well-earned prestige in face of the great competition.

At the moment Paris fashions are in the transition stage, a fact that is quickly reflected in the garments shown by the best establishments on this side of the water. Among our French illustrations this month are to be noted costumes that, while they embody certain new details, still adhere in general outline to the styles that have proven most popular during the last season or so. Yet that Paris contemplates a distinct change in outline is clearly indicated in the costumes that show a return to the normal figure line as contrasted with the short waisted and high skirt lines of the Empire and Directoire modes.

The vogue of the full length sleeve cannot be gainsaid. While the multitude may adhere to the short sleeve the fashionable American woman has shown unmistakable evidence that the full length sleeve is the sleeve par excellence of the summer season. But whether the sleeve be long or, in the case of evening gowns, of short measurement, it is a small sleeve and generally well molded to the arm. This also is the characteristic of the French gowns.

The white lingerie gown made by Laferrière illustrates the return of the more natural figure lines, and is a dainty and interesting combination of fine lace, exquisite embroideries and masses of hand-run tucks. Then, too, there is the elegant sash made of crossbar satin ribbon in shades of maize with a deep knotted silk fringe to weight down the long ends. A sash gives such distinction to the summer gown of sheer washable fabric that it is difficult to understand why it is that the American girl has during recent years somewhat abandoned it.

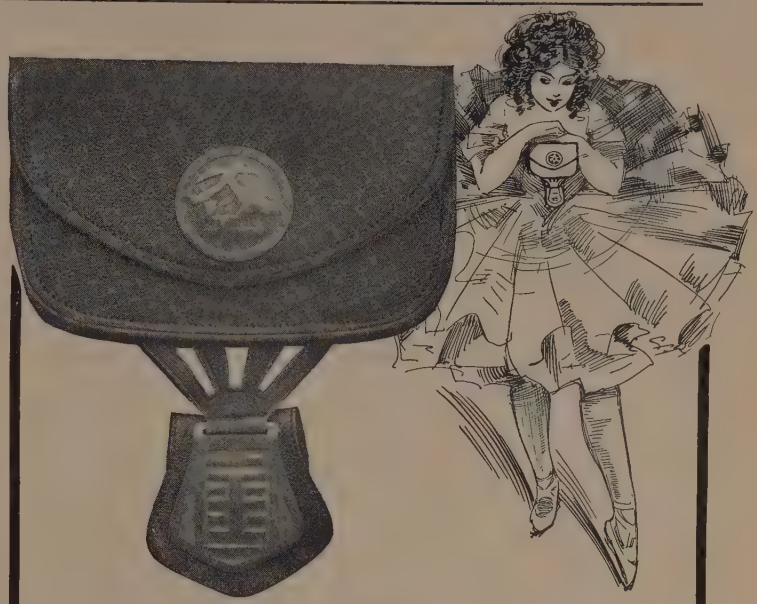
To be sure there have been some queer atrocities shown in the shops, and perhaps it is because of this very weirdness of the novel ideas in sash styles that the sash itself has sunk into innocuous desuetude. The other day at a notable wedding I caught a glimpse of a young society matron who was wearing a sash arranged in the style that was fashionable some ten or fifteen years ago. She was attired in a white lingerie princess gown, and with it was wearing a black ribbon velvet sash some eight inches wide. The long ends reached almost to the ground. The part which encircled the body was arranged at the normal waistline, and crushed in to about half the width of the ribbon, finishing with two short, perky loops in the center back that reminded one of a fluttering butterfly. And that now we see a similar sash arrangement bearing the seal of one of the best Parisian dressmakers, so that after all our young girls may appreciate the beauty of this style and decide to accept this most appropriate summer style.

Toilette of embroidered tulle in the Egyptian blue shade with stole edged with black jet fringe. Made by Yaganey, Paris

Another lovely summer gown is the mauve foulard with white dots. If you think of stopping in Paris for your summer wardrobe, it is well to make a note that this frock is from Badin, for it contains many original and clever ideas. Look at the exquisite lines about the hips, that hip yoke of bias figured foulard, and the full skirt hanging in artistic folds cut on the straight of the goods. Then there are the curving lines of the girdle, which is of solid mauve foulard with braid embroidery in the matching shade.

You can find many stunning foulards in the shops that are similar in design to this French one. The dotted foulards of this season are quite different from those of similar design that have gone before in more than one particular. For instance, there are beautiful designs of all kinds in foulards that shed water as well as a raincoat does. These foulards have been put through some process during the course of manufacture that makes it impossible for even a heavy shower to mar their pristine luster, and fortunately the process by which they are made to shed water does not in any way deter from their beauty. Indeed, some of the prettiest designs that I have seen this season were lately displayed in Lord & Taylor's window, and were labeled Shed Water Foulards.

The dot design is the dominating one for foulards this summer. But it is so different from the dot of last summer, or of that which was so popular two years ago. While at close range the new dot is



## The Popular "Maskot" Purse

The season has developed nothing so dainty and smart in purses as the new **"Maskot."**

The popular chorus in "The Candy Shop" at the Knickerbocker Theatre, New York, are carrying **The Maskot Purse,** and Miss Maude Fulton says it's so very smart that she carries one every day.

*The emblems are genuine Japanese "good luck" and "prosperity" mascots in beaten brass effect. Purse is of wine, red, scarlet, navy, brown, tan, green and black Morocco with compartments for cards, papers, bills, cash etc. Strap across back for carrying.* **"The Maskot"** *is on sale at all good stores at each* **$1.00.**

If your dealer does not have **"The Maskot"** send his name, and one dollar, stating color wanted, to the makers who will see you are supplied.

**Anthony Manufacturing Co.,** Makers of the Anthony Bag **Lynn, Mass.**

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*Silk-Spun*

DIRECTOIRE AUTOMOBILE SCARF

You can see by the picture that the scarf is entirely new in the manner of its wearing. But no picture—no matter how cunningly executed—can begin to do justice to the exquisite fineness of texture, the delightful new lustre of *Silk-Spun* the new fibre fabric.

So we say, go to your dealer and ask him to show you this scarf. If he hasn't *Silk-Spun* in stock, tell him to get it—to even wire for it—and meanwhile write for samples, or order direct from us.

This particular scarf—the *Silk-Spun* Directoire—is 36 x 72 inches, and retails for $4. It has split ends that protect the hair and face perfectly. Fringed or plain hemmed ends. The colors are white, heliotrope, ecru, corn, champagne, cardinal, mode, wine, silver grey, black; light, navy and Copenhagen blue; golden and seal brown.

Regulation automobile scarfs, hemmed or fringed ends, 24 by 90 inches, $3.

Señorita *Silk-Spun* scarfs—12 by 64, $1; 15 by 72, $1.50; 21 by 84, $3.

Send at once for the booklet which describes the almost limitless uses of Silk-Spun; and speak to your dealer about it to-day.

**The Ohio Knitting Mills Co.**
**627 Cherry Street**
**Toledo, Ohio**

Afternoon gown of dead rose satin charmeuse with embroidery in the same color. Worn by Mlle. Margell of the Théâtre Michel and made by Redfern, Paris

Hand-made white lingerie gown made with innumerable fine tucks. The skirt is trimmed with a deep ruffle of broderie Anglaise and Valenciennes insertions. Made by Laferrière

only a dot, and often rather closely arranged, at a short distance it gives the effect of a square or diamond design. This is effected by the arrangement of the dot upon the background, which latter comes into greater prominence the further off you get. This can be toned in the Badin gown in which the mauve ground assumes the diamond form.

Then there are foulards that besides the contrasting dot have a design in the same color as the ground. This is generally of satin finish, and of a sprawling scrowl effect. Some of the latest importations show a corded effect in the same color as the ground, which is sprinkled with white dots the size of a pea. This cord runs across the goods, and thus agrees with the new tendency towards horizontal stripes. While such designs are very attractive in the piece, it should be remembered that even the unobtrusive horizontal line will take away from the height of the most slender wearer. But do not deceive yourselves if you think that by wearing striking vertical stripes you can add to the height of the figure. This may be so in the case of the slender woman.

Well suited to the American type of beauty are the hats we are showing this month, both of which are from Eliane, Paris. The one of black rice straw with its facing of white hedda braid, and its huge bluebird with the left brim caught up against the crown by means of a knot of black velvet ribbon, is a shape that is generally becoming to the American face. Of the same type is the hat of black crin with a crown made of black and white check taffeta, and trimmed with a bunch of white feathers. Further, these hats have the added advantage of being all 'round useful hats, the sort that can be worn at almost any time and for almost any occasion. It is this type of hat that is now being strenuously advocated in the best establishments, for they have gotten rid of their early drooping brims through the spring sales, and are now showing the most fascinating summer hats made of lace, embroidery, pongee and leghorn.

Evening gown of black jetted net worn by Mme. Berthe Desportes. The bodice in butterfly shape is embroidered with gold. Made by the Maison Yaganey

Let us hope that when the French designers get busy for the fall season they will have a little more consideration for their American patrons than they had in the early spring season, and so study the styles that are becoming to the average face in this country. Undoubtedly American women are devoted to fashion, but the millinery of this season has proved that they are not slaves to it. Else why the revival of the upturned side brim? Never has there been a season when the shapes indicated by Dame Fashion have had to be so much modified to suit the American taste, and our illustrations are evidence that French taste runs the same.

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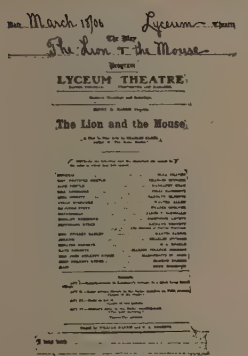
415. MRS. FISKE
416. PAULINE FREDERICK
417. ADELINE GENÉE
418. GRACE GEORGE
419. LULU GLASER
420. VIRGINIA HARNED
421. MARGARET ILLINGTON

NO.
422. ISABEL IRVING
423. ELSIE JANIS
424. ETHEL LEVEY
425. MME. NAZIMOVA
426. ELEANOR ROBSON
427. JULIA SANDERSON
428. FRITZI SCHEFF
429. ROSE STAHL
430. FRANCES STARR
431. MABEL TALIAFERRO
432. WILLIAM H. THOMPSON
433. WILLIAM H. THOMPSON in "The Bishop"
434. CHARLOTTE WALKER
435. DAVID WARFIELD
436. HATTIE WILLIAMS
437. HATTIE WILLIAMS (different pose)
438. HENRY WOODRUFF
439. BERTHA GALLAND

*We will add new pictures from time to time to the present list*

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE, PICTURE DEPARTMENT, 26 W. 33d Street, New York City

# REMEMBER THE PLAYS YOU SEE


Mar. March 17/08 Lyceum
The Lion & the Mouse
LYCEUM THEATRE
The Lion and the Mouse

***Specimen Pages***

***THE success with which The Theatre Record was received last season has been an important factor in the publishing of our new volume, the***

# PLAY DIARY

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***Specimen Pages***

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE CO. 26 WEST 33RD ST. N.Y.

Give me what I ask for. "I want what I want when I want it." NO SUBSTITUTE

White and mauve foulard gown. The girdle, back drapery and band at edge of skirt are of plain mauve foulard. Made by Badin & Co., Paris

The princess gown of apricot chiffon cloth is worn by Mlle. Paulette de Vouzy of the Bouffes-Parisiens, and was made by the well-known house of Henry & Co., whose address, 34 Rue Taitbout, you should remember if you expect to be in Paris this summer, for I am told that some of the most elegant Parisiennes have all their gowns made there. The clever way in which the princess outline is preserved while the gown is really made in two pieces is worthy of attention. Then, too, the long lines of the skirt with their button ornamentation serve to give height and slenderness to the wearer, an end most devoutly striven for to-day by the majority of women. The corsage is trimmed with wide revers of peau de soie in matching shade, and opens over a guimpe of tucked filet net and embroidery on a metal filet foundation. Also to be noted are the long shirred cloth sleeves.

From Redfern we have this month a charming gown worn by Mlle. Margell of the Théâtre Michel.

This is an afternoon costume of dead rose satin charmeuse with an elaborate embroidery done in several shades of rose. Here is shown the use of the Directoire sash made of satin ribbon, and secured below the bust by a large metal buckle, while the ends are finished with a deep ball fringe.

From the Maison Yaganey, 34 Avenue de l'Opéra, come two evening gowns of a rare refinement and elegance. The black jetted net princess gown has the corsage beaded in a huge butterfly design, and further embellished with gold embroideries. This gown is worn by Mme. Berthe Desportes of the Cours Chevillard-Lamoureux, where she is the successful young directress of singing and acting. The other costume is of embroidered net of the Egyptian blue shade, and has the stole front edged with jet fringe.

Certainly women are going to be very charming this summer in their lingerie gowns and lace coats topped by the flower laden lingerie and leghorn hats. One can quite imagine the pictures they will make at the Newport tennis tournament and other outdoor fashionable gatherings. I have never seen more exquisite hand-embroidered gowns and lace coats than are being offered in some of the little shops, and their beauty more than justifies the long continued vogue of the lingerie gown despite the cheapening process to which any successful style is subjected in this country. For many of the big stores are showing lingerie gowns at the very moderate price of ten dollars, and to confess the truth even these are far from unattractive, while those that are double the sum are quite good enough for ordinary occasions during the heated term. Of course, the eye that is cultivated to appreciate quality can at once distinguish the difference between the low-priced gowns and those whose price begins at fifty dollars and reaches up into the hundreds, but there are plenty of times when even the richest woman does not want too elegant a gown, and it is really wonderful what nice simple effects can now be obtained in ready-made garments. Take, for example, the linen and serge suits and costumes. It is marvelous what good style can be obtained for from twenty-five to fifty dollars. Indeed, it strikes me that never have better values at

Princess gown of Salome silk worn by Mlle. Paulette de Vouzy of the Bouffes-Parisiens. The revers are faced with plain silk of the same shade, and the guimpe of tucked filet net, below which is a band of metal embroidery. Made by Henry & Co., Paris

moderate prices been offered than are to be found this season. For instance, I saw an excellent brown homespun coat and skirt the other day at twenty-five dollars. It was just the sort of suit for the mountains or

Hat of black crin with crown of black and white checked taffeta and bunch of white feathers. Made by Eliane, Paris

steamer wear, and between us homespun will be one of the fashionable fabrics for the next year. Isn't it nice that the men fashion authorities have at last consented to give women such a serviceable and natty fabric for the construction of the tailored suit? These mixtures do not show the dust, and if kept pressed look like new even after a hard season's wear.

The French serges made in plain tailored style in any of the lovely new light shades ought to be immensely serviceable for both city and country wear. French serge is now made so light in weight that a princess gown made of it will be found to be just the thing for cool or damp summer days at either the seashore or in the mountains. While for

Black rice straw hat faced with white Yedda, and trimmed with a blue bird and knot of black velvet. Made by Eliane, Paris

the warmest days there are the new linens in both white and all the fashionable colors. And, of course, silk is inevitable for summer wear. The silk costume and suit have the great advantage over the linen garment of similar cut and outline in that they do not crush so readily and do not soil so quickly.

Read These

# RARE LETTERS!

## Revealing How Pompeian Face Cream Makes People Good-Looking

Women and men (and there are several million) who do use Pompeian Massage Cream are certainly enthusiastic about it. Read and see for yourself.

**Note:** These unusual endorsements were sent to the "Good Housekeeping" Magazine, a publication, noted for its discriminating class of readers. From the many letters received we reproduce a few (exactly as written except the underscorings). Obviously, we are not at liberty to publish the names of the writers of these unusual endorsements. But upon request we will give names and addresses.

### What Women Say:

Pompeian Massage Cream has marvelous cleaning qualities. I have seen a woman go to her room *looking haggard, weary and worn*, and issue therefrom a short time after looking *as if she had discovered the bloom of youth*, the skin was so rosy, and the tired lines so much less observable. Mrs.——, Detroit, Mich.

Because I like to be *clean "cell deep"* I like Pompeian Massage Cream. The first time I used it I was as startled as at my first Turkish bath. Mrs.——, Everett, Mass.

Pompeian Massage Cream certainly works wonders for one who uses it perseveringly. I have fairly scoured my skin with soap and water, then after using Pompeian Cream was able to rub off what looked like dirt. It *gives one a sense of freshness and cleanliness* unequalled by anything I have ever used. Mrs.——, Bristol, R. I.

I have used Pompeian Massage Cream with gratifying results. I know it will remove all facial blemishes, smooth out all lines and wrinkles, and *is an absolutely necessary article on the toilet table of any refined woman.* Mrs.——, Columbia, Tenn.

I went out with my sister one morning and saw one whole side of a front window of a drug store decorated with nothing but Pompeian Massage Cream. We purchased a supply. She writes to know if I am still growing young, which, of course, I am. *It is one of the luxuries of my life.* It goes so far as to make me feel at peace with all the world. Mrs.——, Orwell, N. Y.

I have *used Pompeian Massage Cream for three or four years* and could write volumes on its excellent qualities—space, however, forbids. Miss——, Detroit, Mich.

Pompeian Massage Cream *leaves the skin soft, cool, and velvety. My husband uses it always after shaving.* We began its use through advertisements in Good Housekeeping. Mrs.——, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Pompeian Massage Cream is *excellent for the skin, giving it a soft, healthy look.* Miss——, Masonville, Canada

We have used and like Pompeian Massage Cream. It is an excellent article and *does not need the use of powder after its use.* Mrs.——, Omaha, Neb.

### What the Men Say:

We have used Pompeian Massage Cream in our family for some time, and all are equally pleased with its beneficial effects. My son who is just beginning to shave, was greatly troubled with his face until some friend *recommended him to try Pompeian Massage Cream after shaving*, and the trouble disappeared entirely after its use and has not returned. My young daughter has been troubled with freckles for some time, but since using the cream they are hardly to be noticed. Mr.——, Denver, Col.

The skin feels *delightfully refreshed after the use of Pompeian Massage Cream*, and *looks clean and healthy.* A 50c jar lasts a long time. Mr.——, Denver, Col.

I am approaching forty-eight years of age, and it is a difficult matter to convince any of my customers or friends who do not know my age that I am that old. They guess my age at not more than thirty-five. And I attribute my youthful appearance to the use of "Pompeian Massage" and one massage a week does the business, and the massage treatment enables me to shave once a day, whereas, before I began using the massage, three shaves a week was all my face would stand for. If this unsolicited testimonial of the merits of Pompeian Massage will avail you anything for publication I authorize you to use it. W. H. Hoffman, Cincinnati, O.

I find your cream to be *very good after a shave.* It makes the face feel better and *does away with the stinging, itchy feeling.* I have procured a couple of bottles. W. A. McNeil, Richmond, Va.

I state with pleasure that *I have been using your massage cream a very long time*, and heartily recommend it to all, as I think it is the best made and the best ever will be made. I think a *gentleman's cabinet is not complete without it.* It is very refreshing and healing, *especially when a man shaves.* It instantly relieves that sore and itchy feeling. I am more than pleased with it. Chas. J. Hromatka, 928 Perry St., Allegheny, Pa.

**Note:** Last 3 endorsements taken from the hundreds of unsolicited ones on file in our office.

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Office of Collier's Weekly,
New York, May 4, 1909.

Hon. John F. Dryden, President,
The Prudential Ins. Co. of America,
Newark, N. J.

My Dear Sir:

Permit me to thank you, and through you The Prudential Insurance Company of America, for the very prompt receipt of checks for $50,000 in full cash settlement of claim on the life of my father, Peter Fenelon Collier, who demonstrated his belief in Life Insurance in The Prudential by carrying policies in your Company for several years.

Proofs were completed and checks delivered the same day and your Company did everything possible to effect a quick payment of claim.

Assuring you of my appreciation, I remain
Yours very truly,

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## *LOVE IN FRIENDSHIP*

**(A Nameless Sentiment)**

**With a Preface in Fragments from STENDHAL**

***Translated from the French by HENRY PÈNE DU BOIS***

This is the romance in letters of a man and a woman, extremely intelligent and accustomed to analyzing themselves, as Stendhal and Paul Bourget would have them do. They achieved this improbable aim of sentimentalist love in friendship. The details of their experience are told here so sincerely, so naïvely, that it is evident the letters are published here as they were written, and they were not written for publication. They are full of intimate details of family life among great artists, of indiscretion about methods of literary work and musical composition. There has not been so much interest in an individual work since the time of Marie Bashkirsheff's confessions, which were not as intelligent as these.

**Francisque Sarcey,** in *Le Figaro*, said:

"Here is a book which is talked of a great deal. I think it is not talked of enough, for it is one of the prettiest dramas of real life ever related to the public. Must I say that well-informed people affirm the letters of the man, true or almost true, hardly arranged, were written by Guy de Maupassant?

I do not think it is wrong to be so indiscreet. One must admire the feminine delicacy with which the letters were reinforced, if one may use this expression. I like the book, and it seems to me it will have a place in the collection, so voluminous already, of modern ways of love."

**MEYER BROS. CO., Publishers,** **26 West 33d Street, New York**


## A Summer Stock Company

*(Continued from page 34)*

in. She sits for a few moments by the open window, with her feet on another chair, breathing the cool night air and lulled by the drowsy distant rumble of an "owl" trolley car in the avenue far below.

She wishes she could get the words of her part out of her head, but they will keep there, and she finds herself going over the "kid" love scene monotonously. What a long scene it is, too—five times the length it ever seemed before.

"Get up on that mantel!"

Up she climbs, without protest, and down she comes with a thump—to find that she has fallen asleep in her chair, and that one of her feet has slipped to the floor.

"Glory! I must go to bed," she tells herself, "or I'll be tumbling out of the window next. I have to get up early, too. That second act frock of mine is too long, and it will take me an hour, at least, to fix it. Besides, I have to buy some cold cream and things. My make-up box is nearly empty."

The ingenue has been an actress three years. Therefore, she is used to quick changes of dress, and in another five minutes she is in bed. Before she sinks into oblivion her last thought is: "I wonder what this play really *is* all about."

Monday afternoon comes—in about ten minutes, as it seems to the tired little ingenue—and she is dressed for the stage half an hour before the orchestra begins the overture. She is not alone in that. In a stock company everybody is forehanded. There is so much to be done in the course of the week, when one is playing twice a day and rehearsing the rest of the time, that no one dare be dilatory, and the natural disposition is to be ahead of time.

"Here's your part for next week," says the stage manager, casually, as, with his back to the curtain, he scrutinizes every item of the "set" for the first act. "Rehearsal at ten sharp to-morrow morning."

She takes the part, observes that it is much thicker than the one she has studied for the week just beignning, and, stepping up to a cluster of incandescent lamps on a stand five feet high, placed in one of the "entrances" to shed sunshine through an open window, begins mechanically to read her lines, with their cues, and has committed to memory a page or two before the order is given to "clear the stage."

The ingenue knows no more about this new play than she has learned about the other. But this does not trouble her. So long as she takes up her cues and speaks her lines with the emphasis demanded by the stage manager, the purpose of the play has nothing to do with her.

When one comes to think of it, what an amazing thing it is that such excellent performances are given by the average stock company. In many cases, the actors never know what the dramatist is trying to do until after the first two or three presentations, and may not understand the play thoroughly until near the end of the week.

Of course, one of the reasons for this is that stock actors are usually people of experience, who play all winter in important productions, at much higher salaries than they get in "summer stock," as the technical jargon goes. Another reason—and no doubt the principal one—is that the stage manager of a stock company is of necessity a man of marked ability in his vocation.

When he gets hold of a new play—as he does occasionally, because a favorite method of "trying out" a new work is to do it in stock for a week, to see how the public will receive it—he prides himself on making a striking production at small cost. He seldom gets new scenery, but he can do things with what he has on hand that only downright genius could render possible.

It is generally understood that working in a stock company is not easy. Considering that the actor is dressing and undressing twice a day in the theatre, and playing a more or less long part, while learning another one for the following week, and that there are rehearsals every morning except Monday, with all day on Sunday very often, it *does* look like hard work. But if you were to ask our little ingenue what she thinks about it, she would probably tell you that it is a pleasant way to put in the summer.

And then—there is the salary. We must not overlook the fact that a salary in summer is a convenience none too general in the theatrical profession.

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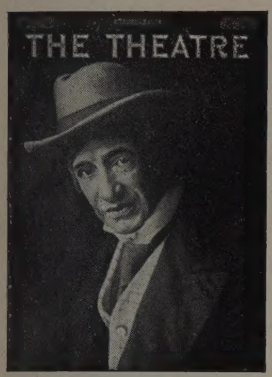

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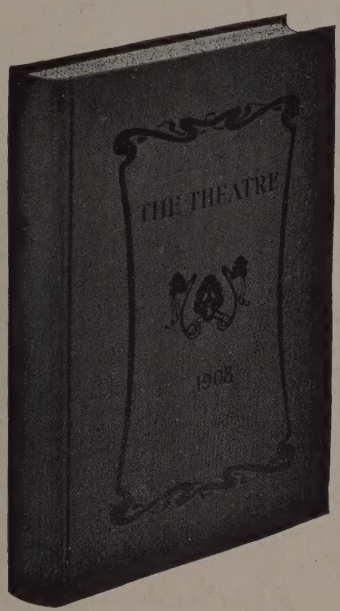


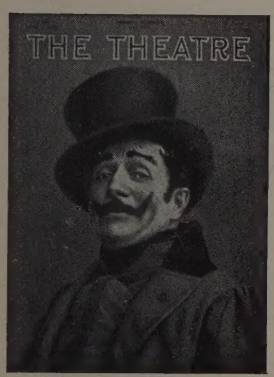

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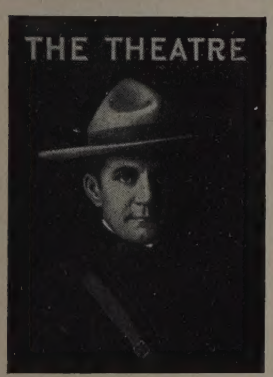

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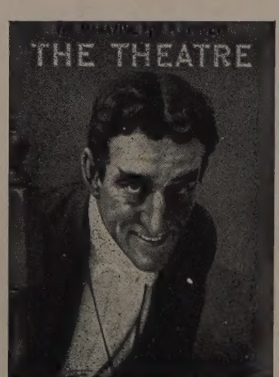

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